The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1915.

Summary of the News

The American note to Germany respecting her methods of submarine warfare was dispatched on May 13 and published in the morning papers of the following day. The note, on which we comment in our editorial columns, took up not only the matter of the Lusitania, but the whole question of Germany's warfare at sea as it has affected the United States, including the incidents of the Falaba, on March 28; of the Cushing, on April 28, and of the Gulflight, on May 1. President Wilson also drew attention to the warning, which he characterized as a "surprising irregularity," of the German Embassy in Washington, addressed through the newspapers to the people of this country, against taking passage in a ship of Great Britain or her allies. Owing to delay in transmission the note was not received by Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, and by him delivered to the German Foreign Office, until May 15. The official text was published in Germany on May 18, and it was stated at the same time that it would probably be some days before the answer of the Imperial Government was ready.

A statement said to represent the British official view of the German justification for the sinking of the Lusitania (published on May 10) was issued on May 12. After reviewing the circumstances of the submarine blockade and the reprisals therefor decided on in the British Order-in-Council, the statement referred to the German assertion in the document of May 10 that an offer had been made by Germany "to stop the submarine war in case the starvation plan was given up." "It was not understood," the British statement continued, "from the reply of the German Government (*i. e.*, on February 14), that they were prepared to abandon the principle of sinking British vessels by submarines."

Indirect results of the sinking of the Lusitania and of the stand taken by the Government of the United States have been numerous. In the first place, it should be noted with satisfaction that many of the German newspapers in the United States have expressed the unfailing loyalty in any event of German-Americans to the country of their adoption. Another result, less important, certainly less expected, but hardly less satisfactory, is the announcement that Dr. Dernburg, apparently realizing that his efforts to promote the cause of Germany, and particularly his callous justification of the sinking of the Lusitania, have not commended him either to the Government or to the people of America, has expressed an anxiety to return to his native land if safe conduct can be procured for him. In parts of England and South Africa popular indignation over the fate of the Lusitania gave rise to serious riots in which the persons and property of alien enemies were attacked. Principally as a measure of security for aliens themselves against such outbreaks, the British Government has decided to intern all male alien enemies of military age. Announcement to that effect was made by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons on May 13. Finally, we may note the discontinuance of the German Embassy's advertisement of warning, and a sudden change of heart on the part of the German press, presumably the result of official inspiration. A message by the Overseas News Agency of May 16 stated that "the whole German press, particularly the Cologne *Gazette*, the Frankfort *Gazette*, and the Berlin *Tageblatt*, deeply regret the loss of American lives caused by the sinking of the Lusitania."

The report of the British commission headed by Viscount Bryce, appointed to investigate alleged German atrocities in Belgium, was published in the morning papers of May 13. Comment on this grewsome document will be found in our editorial columns.

In contrast with recent examples of German naval warfare it is pleasant to record the arrival at Damascus, after many perilous adventures, of Lieut. von Muecke and the gallant landing party from the German cruiser Emden, who escaped when their ship was sunk in the Indian Ocean on November 10.

As we surmised last week would probably be the case after the exceptional effort of torpedoing the Lusitania, the activity of German submarines since that event has been sensibly relaxed. During the past week only two ships have been reported torpedoed: an unidentified steamer in the North Sea on May 12, and a Danish freighter off Aberdeen on May 15. As we write, however, news comes, as yet unconfirmed, of an unsuccessful attempt to torpedo the Transylvania on May 16.

It was officially stated at Capetown on May 13 that Windhoek, the capital of German Southwest Africa, was captured on the previous day without resistance by forces of the Union of South Africa under Gen. Botha. Addressing his troops, Gen. Botha declared that the capture was of the "utmost importance to the Empire and the Union of South Africa, as it means practically complete possession of German Southwest Africa."

The air in Italy has been cleared by a Cabinet crisis. It is naturally impossible to tell what exactly was the series of events that led up to the resignation of Premier Salandra on the night of May 13. Apparently, however, a definite and final offer of concessions was received from Austria early last week (dispatches of last Thursday pretend to give the precise terms) and was rejected by the Cabinet. The rejection was the signal for the entrance on the scene of Signor Giolitti, the former Premier, who has throughout favored a neutral policy. Giolitti, it may be assumed, had his followers marshalled in sufficient numbers, if not to defeat, at any rate to offer strong opposition to the proposals which Salandra would lay before Parliament when it reassembled on May 20 (to-day). Salandra's resignation, then, may probably be considered to have been an appeal for a popular verdict on the issue of peace or war. As such it was completely successful. In the forty-eight hours that elapsed between the resignation of the Cabinet and the announcement that it would continue in office rioting took place in Rome and in various parts of the kingdom of so serious a character as to leave no room for doubt of what was the popular choice as between Salandra and Giolitti. The King, while not accepting Salandra's resignation, invited Signor Marcora and Signor Carcano to form a Ministry, both of whom declined, and it was definitely announced on May 15 that Signor Salandra, with Baron Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, and his Cabinet, would retain office. It is generally expected that at the meeting of Parliament to-day some definite indication will be given of the intentions of the Government.

Interesting comment on the prevailing excuse from German sources for the various outrages by submarines, that they are in retaliation for the British attempt to starve the civilian population of Germany, is afforded by two items in the week's news. A dispatch from Berlin dated May 11 recorded the withdrawal, from May 8, of the Federal Council's decree of January ordering towns and rural communities to provide for their respective populations meat and tinned goods and to take steps to assure a supply. Commenting on this, the *Vossische Zeitung* declared that the withdrawal of this decree proved that Great Britain's plan to starve Germany was a failure. Addressing the Reichstag on Friday of last week, Herr Delbrück, Minister of the Interior and Vice-Chancellor, according to a Reuter dispatch of the following day, said that wheat for bread for the current year was not only sufficient, but there was a greater reserve than was anticipated.

Trouble which has been brewing for some time in Portugal came to a head on May 15 with a revolution which has apparently been successful, at any rate for the time being. The revolt, which is of a purely republican character and seems to have been projected for some time, started in the warships in Lisbon harbor, which bombarded the town. Such resistance as the Government was able to offer seems to have been speedily overcome and a new Government, presided over by Joao Chagas, was set up on Sunday. On the same night an attempt by Senator Freitas, who himself was killed, to assassinate Senhor Chagas nearly succeeded, and as we write there is doubt as to whether the new President of the Cabinet will recover. Order seems to have been restored in Lisbon, and the personnel of the new Cabinet was announced on Tuesday.

Rumors of dissension between Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty, and Lord Fisher, First Sea Lord, were virtually confirmed when it became known by long dispatches yesterday that Lord Fisher had resigned. The formation of a "Cabinet of all the talents" is now foreshadowed.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. Karl Lamprecht, Very Rev. F. N. L. Dumont, Willard Burr, May 11; Marshall Cushing, David McLean Parry, Marquis de Baudry d'Asson, ex-Representative George A. Bagley, May 12; Rev. H. N. Cunningham, May 13; Rev. Joseph Busan, S.J., Lewis M. Wood, May 14; Edgar Melville Ward, Major Philip S. Brown, Dr. Frederic S. Coolidge, May 15; George H. Russell, Dr. Murray A. Potter, May 17.

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The Week

President Wilson has splendidly met the just desires of the American people. His note to the German Government is, both in form and substance, all that the crisis demanded. It is studiously courteous, yet the iron determination behind it is not concealed. He states our righteous grievance, basing it upon the general principles of the law of nations, with clear precision and urgent force, but carefully leaves the door open to Germany to make amends to the United States and to set herself right in the eyes of the world. By no one has the lawlessness and inhumanity of what has been done in the German name been characterized in more cauterizing terms than those used by the President; by no one has the pretended justification of this conduct been more mercilessly shattered than by Mr. Wilson; yet he is throughout polite—dangerously polite, the German authorities ought to be warned.

It was said to be a source of some mortification to the Washington authorities that the note to Germany was unexpectedly delayed in transmission to Berlin. The intention was to have it published there and here simultaneously; but telegraphic congestion in Rome made the careful plans of our Government miscarry. This does not matter greatly, as it appears that even the belated dispatch was not printed in the German newspapers, except in outline. It is also stated that official notice has been given the editors not to discuss it in any way for the present. This may be a good or bad sign, as one takes it. It is at least an indication that the German Government does not wish a press campaign against the United States. That may come later, however. Either way, it is plain that the Government feels that a weighty duty has been laid upon it. Its deliberation now is sufficient comment on the notion foolishly put about that Germany would "welcome a war with the United States." She is not looking just now for added hostile nations. All the indications are that she will make her reply to President Wilson conciliatory; though whether she will concede enough to end the crisis must remain gravely in doubt.

Apparently, the case of the Gulflight is removed from controversy by the note which the German Government has now sent through Ambassador Gerard. This is in the form of a general declaration, with no specific reference to the torpedoing of the Gulflight, or any other neutral ship, but the doctrine it lays down admits the full responsibility of the German Government for all such "mistakes." The language is explicit: "In such a case, it [the German Government] will express its regrets and afford damages without first instituting a prize-court action." This is highly satisfactory, both as indicating the peaceful settlement of this particular case, and as showing that Germany is, despite all her threats and her policy of terribleness, inclined to listen to reason in her dealings with the United States. In this matter the German Government has made a complete backdown. We base this conclusion not merely upon the contrast between the latest note of Germany and the brusque and menacing language of the German Admiralty's notice of February 4, but upon the difference between the present attitude and that distinctly laid down in the official communication made by the German Government to our own on February 18. There is no better way of showing the change which has come over the spirit of the German dream than by placing the two passages in parallel columns:

Feb. 18.	May 11.
Neutral vessels which, despite this ample notice, which greatly affects the achievement of our aims in our war against Great Britain, enter these closed waters, will themselves bear the responsibility for any unfortunate accidents that may occur. *Germany disclaims all responsibility* for such accidents and their consequences.	Should a neutral ship nevertheless come to harm through German submarines or aircraft, on account of an unfortunate mistake, the German Government will *unreservedly recognize its responsibility* therefor.

In the official statement of the German Embassy at Washington, notifying Americans that they are about to be deprived of the pleasure of Dr. Dernburg's company, it is impossible not to suspect a lurking satisfaction. Of course, care is taken to say that Dr. Dernburg's withdrawal is purely "voluntary," but one gets the impression that the Embassy is not pressing him to stay. In the nature of the case, his presence and activities here can hardly have been agreeable to the official representatives of the German Government. The very ambiguity of his status made a difficulty. He was "authorized" or "semi-official," when he chose to be, and when he pleased was merely a private citizen. Even to appear to be superseded, in certain functions, by such an elusive gentleman must have been irksome to the Embassy. The final straw was Dr. Dernburg's rash and unfeeling defence of the sinking of the Lusitania. If he ever had any usefulness in this country, it was instantly destroyed by that.

A painful sense of the impropriety of the relations between various Treasury officers and the Riggs Bank, during the Roosevelt Administration, is the feeling which cannot fail to impress all readers of the allegations made last Saturday by the Controller's Department. The facts set forth, and not denied by the bank itself, stand quite apart from the merits or demerits of the pending suit between the Riggs Bank and the Government. We do not contend that they show any *prima facie* wrongdoing on the part of the bank's officers, or any purpose of improperly influencing Treasury action. But when it is considered what were the conditions of that period, and what were the Treasury's relations to the money market, the grossly improper situation created by these borrowings by Treasury officers, high and low, must be recognized. It was, as every one will remember, a period when the whole community seemed to be speculating; when a good part of it was living beyond its means. It was also a period when certain banks were known to be in touch with the speculative movements of the day, and when the fortunes of those speculations were admittedly and powerfully influenced by the Treasury's plans for the disposition of its surplus funds in bank deposits.

We have never asserted that these Government facilities were ever used by the Treasury improperly—though the episode of September, 1902, in which the break-down of a notorious Wall Street stock-jobbing exploit was averted by the absolute straining of the Treasury's powers of relief through special bank deposits, came close to a public scandal. But we are bound to say that this publication of borrowings from the Riggs Bank by a long list of Treasury officials, at that very time, makes an exceedingly unpleasant impression. That not only two bank examiners—the official guardians against irregular practices by the national banks—should appear in this list of borrowers, but that the Controller of the Currency, the protector of the Government's interests, should be down at repeated intervals for $60,000, part of it never repaid, is a melancholy comment on the conditions of the day. We do not believe such conditions to be possible to-day. They belong to the atmosphere of easy morality and perverted views of right and wrong

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which prevailed in that chapter of our financial history and was swept away when the chapter ended, in the panic of 1907. The Riggs Bank, in its official answer, explains that an officeholder with sufficient character or collateral ought not "to be denied accommodation at a bank, simply because he or she was in the public service." Whatever may be said of this, we very much doubt if the incumbent in such public office will be excused by public opinion, on the same easy grounds, for establishing connections of this kind.

We trust that the National Commission on Industrial Relations will devote a considerable part of whatever time still remains for its deliberations to a careful study of the programme outlined by Mr. Haywood, of the I. W. W. After the general strike to which that organization looks forward as a means of revolutionizing society had taken place, said the I. W. W. leader, "there would be no government, State or national. The workers of the country would be organized into industries, instead of cities and States." That the workers in each particular industry would get along with one another so perfectly that the settlement of any question arising within the group would offer no difficulty, Mr. Haywood doubtless regards as too obvious for any reasonable person to question it; but we confess to feeling some little curiosity as to how affairs involving differences of judgment among several groups would be dealt with, in the absence of courts and the rest of the apparatus of "government, State or national." Occasionally, too, there might be questions in which not only judgments would differ, but in which there would be manifested some remains of the passions or the selfishness which mark the present undeveloped condition of mankind, and which sometimes call for the interposition of the brutal activities of the police system. Moreover, there are a few things, such as sanitation, paving, regulation of traffic arrangements—urban, national, and international—in which all the industries have a common interest, and which at the present time are looked after by governments of one kind or another. All these things are, of course, mere details; but they are not without a certain importance, and we trust that the Commission on Industrial Relations will give to them as much of its valuable time as it can spare from the two or three hundred other problems that it has undertaken to tackle.

Three makeshift plans suggested by the Department of Agriculture for rural credits point the way to the only permanent instrument of self-help in borrowing—coöperative credit associations. All have had a practical trial in the West. Many North Dakota farmers, contemplating an increase in their dairy stock, have induced the local bankers to act as agents in the purchase of the cattle and to furnish the money. The bankers, thus assured that the loan is to be used productively, furnish it at 8 instead of 11 or 12 per cent. In Montana and Nevada, again, the farmers in various places have organized associations and appointed trustees to negotiate with the local banks for loans on better terms, guaranteeing payment on joint liability. According to a third plan developed in Wisconsin and Minnesota, the guarantee is furnished not by the farmers, but by organizations of business men who are concerned with the improvement of agricultural conditions. They subscribe a percentage of the funds loaned, with the understanding that this is to protect the bankers. These are, of course, all temporary expedients; a coöperating credit association is permanent, is organized in detail, and may establish a collective fund as well as provide loans on reasonable terms to its members. Such associations will yet be instituted and multiplied wherever high rates of interest make their need felt.

A statement by President Van Hise to the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, designed to cut across "foolish talk with a political tincture" regarding the utterances of professors at Wisconsin, presents a point of view not too obvious to deserve emphasis. The repeated hints about Madison that some of the instructional force were preaching Socialism and other "heresies" have apparently become intolerable. The University's handling of politics and economics, asserts the president, "is removed as far as possible from definite teaching of dogmas. The purpose of the University is to develop capacity for thought. This requires that the different views in regard to a subject upon which there is a difference of opinion be presented, and the arguments in support of such views. Having followed this method, the professor has the right to give his own opinion as to which is the weightier side." In discussion of academic freedom it is always assumed by many that the teachers have a definite doctrine concerning most subjects, which they advance as fixed truth. In some of the more elementary of the exact sciences this is true; it must be clearly untrue in complex social and economic studies, where the views of different times and groups inevitably vary widely, and where new theories are always to be founded on new conditions. A hidebound conservative would be as worthless as a radical propagandist; Dr. Van Hise states that he has searched in vain for the latter at Wisconsin; and at any institution he would be dismissed as quickly for professional as for general social reasons.

It is not paradox to assert, less than two weeks after the horror of the Lusitania, that the German submarine as an engine of war has scarcely justified itself. Germany's submarine operations have had three stages. The first phase began with the destruction of British cruisers in the North Sea. The effect was profound. The rôle of the submarine was plain. It was to nibble away at the British fleet until a point of attrition had been reached when the German high seas fleet could come out of Kiel and meet the British fleet on something like even terms. The thing seemed not impossible. Three cruisers struck down at a blow, the Audacious and the Formidable attacked in home waters far from the German base—it seemed only a question of time. And then suddenly the attrition of the British fleet stopped. Whatever methods of defence Sir John Jellicoe may have adopted, complete immunity for battleship, cruiser, and transport was established against the submarine. Whereupon the second phase began. The submarine was to strike, not at the vitals of the British navy, but at the British merchant fleet, the cargo carriers, the munition boats, the trawlers. Yet the facts regarding the submarine blockade of England are pretty well known. During February and March British ships carried cargoes to the value of one and a quarter billion dollars, and the losses were less than five million dollars, or two-fifths of one per cent. What a German fleet of hundreds of submarines might accomplish in the course of time is beside the question. After nearly two months the attrition of England's merchant fleet was as ineffective as the attrition of the English navy.

With the Falaba and the Lusitania the third phase of submarine activity began. The U boat in the first phase was an engine of attack. In its second phase it was an engine of blockade. It now became an engine of frightfulness. Many a tramp steamer has brought into England a heavier cargo of mu-

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nitions than the constricted hold of the Lusitania contained. The impression is unavoidable that the purpose of the German Admiralty, in ordering the destruction of the Lusitania, was not to sink guns and cartridges, but to create terror. Only in the sense that frightfulness is an instrument of war has the submarine, as an engine of frightfulness, produced results. But to measure these results we must strike a balance. In one way German ruthlessness has paid. There is reason for believing that the fate of Belgium has had a share in Italy's and Rumania's hesitation. For that matter, the torpedo discharged at the Lusitania may have had a much more distant aim in the Mediterranean and the Balkans. On the other hand, there is the effect on the state of mind in this country. Italian and Balkan opinion may have been cowed, but American feeling has been outraged; the crisis with Italy has not been averted, and a crisis with this country has been created.

"Steadily mounting" is the phrase that naturally goes with the chronicling of the loss of another British battleship, and there is, indeed, something about the disappearance of the heavy mass of steel with its crew that strikes the imagination much more powerfully than the loss of a couple of battalions in routine trench fighting. Yet the fact is that during nine and a half months of war Great Britain's loss in battleships has been inconsiderable. Of six battleships reported lost, one was a Dreadnought less than two years old. The other five were battleships from thirteen to fifteen years old, and ranging from 13,000 to 15,000 tons. Great Britain has thus lost five out of forty pre-Dreadnoughts with which she began war, and perhaps one out of thirty-three Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts. It is a commonplace to say that the British fleet is stronger to-day than at the beginning of the war, but how much stronger is not so often realized. Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities there were added to the fleet two Dreadnoughts of the 13½-inch gun type—the Benbow and the Emperor of India. Last March the monster Queen Elizabeth, with her eight 15-inch guns, made her début in the Dardanelles. Three others of her type were launched within four months of the Queen Elizabeth, and these are undoubtedly now in commission, Warspite, Valiant, and Barham.

The German fleet in the meanwhile has been increased by six battleships and battle cruisers, armed with 12-inch guns. Three battleships of the Queen Elizabeth type are under construction, but since the earliest of these was laid down two years ago, the second in the autumn of 1913, and the last in the summer of 1914, it is hardly likely that more than one of them can as yet be in commission. Roughly speaking, then, Great Britain has forty Dreadnoughts to Germany's twenty-five. But whereas of the English Dreadnoughts there are eighteen armed with 13.5-inch guns or heavier, the German fleet has at most one such ship, as we have just seen. That heavier gun-fire counts was shown in the battle of the North Sea, when the German battle cruisers Seydlitz and Derfflinger met the British cruisers Tiger and Lion. In other words, in full-dress battle, Great Britain's seventeen ships of the 13.5 and 15-inch gun type would be more than a match by themselves for the entire German fleet. This would leave twenty British Dreadnoughts of the 12-inch type as a second line, and behind them thirty-five battleships of the pre-Dreadnought type. Plainly, then, Great Britain can view with equanimity the loss of older battleships around the Dardanelles, provided results are obtained. On the other hand, the recent story of the German high seas fleet cruising the North Sea in search of the British fleet must be received with skepticism, for it would mean that the Kaiser's fleet was out to challenge an enemy probably three times as strong.

The past ten days have been marked by the resumption of a strong offensive by the Allies, the importance of which is attested by the actual figures of ground won and prisoners and guns taken, as well as by authoritative opinion at Paris and Berlin. The French lines to the northwest of Arras seem to have been pushed forward over a front of at least four miles for a distance of some two miles, a gain equal to the zone won by the Germans in their drive around Ypres. The victory would have been greater and might conceivably have achieved what was presumably the main objective of the attack, the town of Lens, which is an important railway centre, had the British offensive undertaken simultaneously on the French left, in the region of Richebourg and Fromelles, been equally successful. For the failure of the British to make progress in this quarter at their first attempt, on May 9, insufficient preparation of the ground for infantry attack by bombardment with high explosive shells is assigned as the reason. Another attack launched on the night of May 15 was more successful, and the result has been a considerable gain along a front of two miles from Richebourg-l'Avoué to Festubert. It is amazing to note, however, from the account of the action given by the correspondent of the London *Times*, that the first line of German trenches was taken by assault at the point of the bayonet, as Gen. French "was unable to emulate their [the French] example and smash the German parapets with high explosives." Unless the correspondent of the *Times* is exaggerating for political purposes the shortage of high explosive shells at the disposal of Sir John French, the dispatch reveals an almost inexplicable lack of preparation and a situation that must cause grave concern to the British War Office.

The achievements of the French around Arras are quite overshadowed by the results of the great battle in Galicia and southern Poland, the extent of which has been obscured by our more intimate affairs. The Teutonic armies have advanced along a front of nearly 150 miles from Kielce in southern Poland to the headwaters of the San in the Carpathians. The forward drive has been least at either end of the line and greatest in the centre. From Tarnow to the sector lying west of the San River before Przemysl the Austro-German armies have pushed forward across country for more than seventy miles. On the other hand, on the extreme left of the Russian line, in eastern Galicia, a counter-offensive has been undertaken that seems to have achieved results of considerable magnitude and should go some way to offset the defeat of the centre. The offensive movement began apparently on May 14 on the Dniester, extending over a front of about one hundred miles. Following a victory on the Dniester, the Russians, in the space of five days, drove the Teutonic armies a distance of some fifty miles to the line of the Pruth River, capturing in the pursuit 30,000 prisoners. Only at Kolomea, according to the official report from Petrograd, were the Austrians able to retain their positions on the left bank of the river. Should this movement be continued successfully, it would obviously threaten the Austrian right in the Carpathians, but it is almost safe to assume, in view of the heavy losses in guns and supplies in western Galicia, that any Russian offensive will be severely crippled for some time to come by shortage of ammunition, concerning which there can be little doubt.

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THE LARGER EFFECTS.

During the few days since the publication of President Wilson's note to Germany, there has been time for some of its larger aspects and longer results to impress themselves on the mind. At first, the national assertion was uppermost. We felt that the President had responded to a deep sentiment among the people; had made the position of the United States strong and unmistakable. It was only on reflection that Americans saw how their own cause had been linked by the President with principles of world-wide importance. And in this conviction they cannot but be strengthened by the echoes which have now come from so many other countries. People in them do not fail to perceive that the United States is bent on redressing a great wrong done to its citizens and its dignity, but they also make it clear that they are aware of the higher significance of our action. The President's note catches up our immediate and separate grievances and places them in their fitting relation to rights and privileges which all the world holds dear.

This is fully recognized by the Argentine press, for example. Headed by the powerful *La Prensa*, it argues that the President of the United States has made all neutral nations his debtors. He has stood up for interests which are as vital to them as to ourselves; and their hearty approval and backing necessarily follow. In this same line is the comment of the *Westminster Gazette* that the President's note to the German Government is "the greatest single event of the war." Let there be no mistake what is meant by this. The *Gazette* does not imply or even desire that the United States may enter into the conflict with Germany. What this organ of Liberal opinion in England obviously has in mind is Mr. Wilson's firm upholding of the law of nations in general, and the fundamental rights of humanity. These are of more consequence than the changing aspects of the war. Indeed, they are among the great objects which alone can justify the prosecution of the war. If, at the end of it, we do not come out into a better world, where national security is written into international law, rather than propped on bayonets, all the blood will have been spilled in vain. And it is because the President has looked so steadily to these ultimate gains and distant hopes of civilization, even while demanding that our present wrongs be righted, that his speaking out in the name of this great nation has so impressed the imagination of the world.

There can be no doubt that Germany has been impressed along with the rest. Her rulers, even in the midst of the passions of war, cannot be so obtuse as not to have noted the wide reverberations of President Wilson's utterances. They cannot be ignorant of its remarkable effect upon German opinion in this country. The notable thing is not merely that German-Americans have hastened to affirm their loyalty, at all costs, to the land of their adoption, but that they nave felt that their mouths were closed by the Lusitania atrocity; that they could no longer stand by the German Government, thick and thin; that they, too, were carried away by the wave of horror and indignation. All this cannot be without its influence upon the German authorities. And as they observe the wonderful response to the President of the United States that has come from all neutral nations, they must see how urgent is their duty carefully to consider their own position. It is evident that the early fumings of a portion of the German press were not pleasing to the Government. Something like an official order must have gone out to bring about the change in the more weighty newspapers. Germany has at least learned that an uncompromising and callous defence of the killing of women and children on the Lusitania is not possible. The severe but just terms in which the President characterized that crime have sunk into the universal conscience.

What answer the German Government will make to the earnest protests and demands of the United States, we shall probably not know for several days. Such indications as have come are somewhat conflicting, and may none of them be trustworthy, yet the net impression is that Germany will not return a gruff negative. She can scarcely be expected to go the whole way at once, yet she may meet us part way in a conciliatory spirit, and leave the door open for further negotiations. Certainly, a great opportunity has been placed before German diplomacy. It has it within its power to seek a settlement so large that it would cover the immediate necessities of the case and also lead to the definition and safeguarding of neutral rights at sea, as well as the securer limiting of inhumanities as between belligerents. Conceivably, the German Government might express regret for the taking of the lives of Americans, and offer reparation therefor; it might even promise to suspend submarine attacks upon merchant vessels without warning; and with these things it might couple a proposal to have the whole great question of the law of the sea taken up in another conference of the nations. This is but a speculation. The event may show it to be empty. But the hope is permissible that the President's large way of facing the problem—which is a world-problem—may evoke a corresponding attitude on the part of Germany.

THE CUP OF BITTERNESS.

The past fortnight has added to the distress of mind and heart which we have all been suffering for nine months a touch of horror and gloom. Great and bloody wars have been lived through. Those past middle life remember well the terrible conflict which rent our own country, the tremendous struggle between France and Germany, the war between Russia and Japan, and other bloody trials of strength between the nations of the world. But nothing that the memory can conjure up suggests even remotely the moral isolation in which Germany at this moment finds herself. Not only from every part of our land, but from Norway and Sweden, from Holland and Denmark, from Portugal, from Argentina, there rises up a chorus of amazed indignation, of reprobation almost too deep for words, at the savage crime of the sinking of the Lusitania. And as though to add to the cup of Germany's bitterness, there comes the tale of systematic butchery, of remorseless and calculated terrorism, in Belgium, unfolded in the calm but relentless report of the British Commission of Inquiry.

What element of excess there may be in the resentment at the Lusitania horror, what allowance must be made for error or exaggeration in the now thrice-told tale of German atrocities in Belgium, is little to the purpose. The main fact is that a great nation, a nation only a short time ago second to none in the honor and esteem of the world, stands now branded with a mark of infamy such as in our time has not been stamped upon the face of any people. To no man, however untouched with any feeling of Germany's greatness or any remembrance of what is high and noble in her people and her history, can such a spectacle be other than melancholy and depressing. To those who have personal associations with Germany, to those who have been accustomed to look upon her as in many ways an example and an inspiration, the thought of the tragic change in her standing before the nations is inexpressibly painful—so painful that one feels almost

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driven to discover some solace, to think of some possible good which may spring from this bitter evil.

If the war shall result in the defeat of Germany, we have all hoped that, terrible as would be the cost in human lives, in agony, in destitution, the world might yet find compensation for the sacrifice in one great and inestimable gain—the extirpation of Prussian militarism, the regeneration of Germany as a humane and liberal nation. But to no one who looked realities in the face could it seem a certainty that such would be the actual result. The possibility has stood before us that, defeated though she might be in arms, she might nurse a sullen and determined spirit of revenge, and proceed to reconstitute her strength in the spirit of the militarist imperialism under whose spell she has lain for a generation and more. By force alone this spirit cannot be exorcised; deliverance must come through a change of heart in the whole body of the nation. To this change of heart the defeat of her arms is indeed an essential prerequisite; but it is doubtful whether this would suffice. And it is because the moral humiliation to which Germany is now being subjected may prove to be the one thing needful to drive the lesson home, that we feel that the shame of to-day may be the prelude of the regeneration of to-morrow.

To this hope it may obviously be objected that the Germans themselves reject with scorn and bitterness the judgment that is being pronounced upon them by the world. That may be true in the present state of mind of the nation, as it would be true in large measure in the case of any nation feeling that it was at war for its existence. But even now we may be sure that some sense of the light in which their country is regarded penetrates into the consciousness of Germans; that in their inmost hearts thousands even to-day feel the pang. Among men of German blood on this side of the Atlantic, the evidences of this feeling are already unmistakable. But it is not in the flush of the struggle, in the hour of Herculean patriotic effort and of the expectation of victory over a world in arms, that the national conscience can be touched or that the national mind will search out the causes of wrath. It is when the dazzling fabric of martial glory has crumbled, when the long-cherished dream of invincible prowess has been shown to be an illusion, that the German people will seriously ask themselves what have been the fruits of that worship of force to which the nation has been dedicated. Possessed though they have shown themselves to be by this madness of militarism, they are in essence human beings with minds and hearts like those of the rest of the world. Against the outward humiliation of defeat in the field they might well steel themselves with the consciousness of having withstood long and heroically a stupendous combination of hostile nations; but the brand of barbarism set upon them by all the world is an inward humiliation which no people proud of their civilization can endure without anguish. And its bitterness must be deepened by the reflection that, unlike defeat in the field, this cannot be referred to the accidents or fortunes of war, but is the legitimate and natural fruit of the militarist creed which, under the sway of a strong delusion, the German people have allowed to become the supreme influence in the national life. When the scales have fallen from their eyes, will they not see that the only way to shake off the shame is to destroy and to reject utterly the system of which it was the inevitable outcome?

THE BRYCE REPORT.

Readers of the report by the committee appointed by the British Government to inquire into the outrages alleged to have been committed by German troops in the countries which they invaded, should remember that it is only a summary. The report itself is a pamphlet of sixty pages. This, again, is but an epitome of the enormous mass of evidence taken. A huge separate volume contains all this, together with facsimiles of German diaries, etc. To every statement made in the report is carefully given a marginal reference to the evidence in detail. As for the personnel of the committee, it is doubtless enough for Americans to know that James Bryce headed it. His highmindedness and judicial quality need no sponsors in this country. But with him were associated leaders of the English bar—Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, together with the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sheffield, and that keen and independent public man, Mr. Harold Cox. These are men accustomed to weighing human testimony and documentary evidence, and to sifting out the true from the false. In their present task they have spared neither time nor labor. They have been at work nearly five months. They have taken more than 1,200 depositions. Their desire to be fair, to reject every improbable or unproved story, to make allowance for all extenuating circumstances, is visible on many pages. Yet the conclusion which they reach, without haste or heat, and in a full sense of their personal and public responsibility, is one terribly damaging to the good name of Germany, and particularly of her army.

It may rashly be charged that the publication of this report in America was skilfully timed so as to deepen the feeling caused by the sinking of the Lusitania. But this is absurd. The report had long been preparing, was received here by mail, and must have been in print weeks ago. If its appearance now seems like a clinching of the charges of barbarous conduct on the part of the Germans, that is not the fault of the men who have made this patient investigation. Indeed, it has been openly asserted by German apologists in this country that the reason the Bryce Committee had not reported was that it found no authenticated atrocities to report. An exiled Louvain professor in Chicago had published his story of the outrages; but his credibility was assailed by a German resident of Chicago, who asserted: "You know as well as I that the British Commission has investigated more than a thousand cases, and still could find no evidence of German atrocities in Belgium." That can never be said again. Hard-headed and fair-minded English lawyers now join in the verdict already reached by Belgian magistrates and French barristers, and agree that the proof is overwhelming that there were "in many parts of Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population"; that "innocent civilians were murdered in large numbers"; that "looting, house-burning, and the wanton destruction of property were *ordered* and countenanced by the officers of the German army."

It is not necessary to remind those who read the *Nation* that we have never made a sensation of the tales of atrocities. Our aim has been to be discreetly skeptical about all such matters, so long as absolute proof was lacking. We have borne in mind how easy it is for individual ruffianly soldiers to get out of hand in time of war; how drunken troopers may here and there let brutal passions loose; and how much on our guard we ought to be against accepting unverified stories that reflect directly upon the military authorities. But such a suspension of judgment is no longer possible, in view of the painstaking, minute, restrained, and carefully fortified report to which Lord Bryce has now put his name. It constitutes an indictment of the course of the German army in Belgium and

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in the North of France which is at once shocking and crushing.

It is impossible in a short space to give an adequate notion of the heaped-up details of the Bryce report. It is their mass which gives them their tremendous cumulative and probative force. By the whole the impression is irresistibly made that what we have before us is a policy of calculated terrorism. This was carried out, the report affirms, "scientifically and deliberately, not merely with the sanction, but under the direction of higher military authorities." Names are given of officers involved. One of these, a Saxon officer, wrote in his diary, concerning the operations between Dinant and Rethel: "Apparently 200 men were shot. There must have been some innocent men amongst them. In future, we shall have to *hold an inquiry as to their guilt*, instead of shooting them." Moreover, further proof that the atrocities were in pursuance of a fixed plan is furnished by the significant fact that "the killing . . . began at a certain fixed date, and stopped (with some few exceptions) at another fixed date. Some of the officers who carried out the work did it reluctantly, and said they were obeying orders from their chiefs." No wonder that the Bryce Committee, after recording what the evidence establishes, speak of their hope that what they have set forth will "touch and rouse the conscience of mankind," and finally lead the nations to consider "what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors."

OUR STATES AND THEIR HISTORY.

No field in American history is so neglected as that of the separate States. The obvious reason for this is that such history falls into the realm of minute scholarship rather than that of literature, and while it fails to attract a Parkman or Rhodes, it demands an equipment for painstaking research such as few commonwealths have. The stories of the States do not lack color or variety, but these qualities inhere largely in either the broader lines, already well known, or in the relationship of the State to the nation, naturally treated from the Federal standpoint. The non-scholarly "American Commonwealths" series suffices for the rougher presentation. Royce on California, Shaler on Kentucky, King on Ohio, give us the glowing history of explorer, fighter, and politician; what is now wanted is inquiry into the constitutional, social, financial, and legislative record. An almost unique example of the response to this demand has just come from Iowa. It is embodied in a series of volumes issued by the State Historical Society, covering every department of State history. There have already been published the first two of six devoted to "The History of Education," justly called by the editor "the first adequate history of schools and educational institutions produced by any State"; a "History of Social Legislation," a "History of Taxation," a "Political History," and two volumes of "Applied History," the last representing "systematic scientific research into the field of contemporary legislation."

The merit of these volumes on Iowa is partly due to whole-hearted support of the State. In their methods of prosecuting historical work, our commonwealths have differed greatly. The East naturally attained historic consciousness long before the West, and its activity has been one in which private initiative has counted much more. Over half a century ago there grew up strong historical societies, maintained by endowment, and to these the States came to give official recognition. The Massachusetts Historical Society is the real archivist and historian of the Bay State, the Pennsylvania Historical Society of the Keystone State. In many States, in more recent times, the Legislatures have appropriated regular funds to supplement this private effort. In New York, for example, the State Historian's work has been an indispensable addition to that of the State Historical Society. State aid in the South has so bolstered the rather weakly endowed societies that most of the important publications are traceable to it—those of the James Sprunt and John P. Branch foundations in North Carolina, indeed, constituting the only notable exceptions. But in the West, State appropriations have meant virtually everything. There are, it is true, the wealthy Chicago, St. Louis, and Minneapolis Historical Societies, and the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society; but, in general, either the Wisconsin Historical Society, entirely State-supported, which Reuben Gold Thwaites made famous, has been imitated, or the State—as in Michigan, Illinois, Mississippi, and Alabama—has appointed an historical commission or archivist.

But almost as imperative as liberal State aid must be zeal and ability on the part of the historical staff. They will have not only to pursue their direct and laborious task, but they will everywhere find it necessary to preach the gospel of the preservation of historical objects and documents throughout their region. Reuben Gold Thwaites used to delight to quote the maxim: "The literary rubbish of one generation is the priceless treasure of the next." The history of our States is probably as full of anecdotes of the fortuitous rescue of historical material as that of any foreign nation. There is Mr. Thwaites's story of the school superintendent who intended to destroy a collection of all the old texts used in the State, but brought them up to Madison just in time to be used by the writer of a monograph on Wisconsin education; the story of the twenty thousand Santa Fé manuscripts dating from the seventeenth century, first ordered to be burnt as rubbish, then sold as wrapping paper to the local merchants, and finally recovered from these purchasers for the national archives; and the story of the Kaskaskia records in Ilinois, found in an old attic after their counterparts from Cahokia had been destroyed in an alley. In Massachusetts, Illinois, and a very few other States surveys have been made of the local archives, but the movement for their care is one that must go much further. A State historian who can carry on this propaganda, who can wring enough money out of the Legislature for the needs of his office, and who can plan an historical programme that will include not only historical publications for the present year, but a series whose completion may well require scores of years, is a desideratum felt the country over.

The immediate benefit of performing this duty to the past is exemplified in Iowa's volumes. They are not only histories and valuable manuals of civic education, but they are books which should be of the greatest practical assistance to the legislator and administrator. The "Applied History" series, with its summaries upon home rule, direct legislation, equal suffrage, the selection and removal of public officials, social legislation, roads, and poor relief, each stating the contemporary demands under that head and suggesting means of meeting them, shows admirably how experience may be a constant guide to the future. But the larger benefit lies in the broad interpretation which history gives of the past course of democracy and its present tendencies. The Librarian of Congress has often quoted the aphorism that "the care which a nation devotes to the preservation of the manuscripts of its past may serve as a true measure of the degree of civilization to which it has attained." Many of our States have yet to learn even the first lesson in such care.

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STAGE MONEY.

The most speculative business in the world after Wall Street is the theatre; and it is doubtful whether even Wall Street can show so many careers as the stage of the kind that is described as meteoric. Producing managers may not wake up overnight to find themselves famous and wealthy, like the leading man or lady of a Broadway "hit," but a season or two will frequently witness the rise of a manager from obscurity to a dominant position in his business, and another season or two may witness his decline and fall. In this respect the business side of the theatre is subject to more violent fluctuations than the artistic side. Your star may encounter a year or two of bad plays, and may even be compelled to seek temporary refuge in vaudeville or the "movies," but his capital, which is to say his reputation, cannot be wiped out as decisively as may be the case with the business men. There is a good deal of truth in the statement made of play-producers and managers that they enrich other people, actors and authors, without making money for themselves. Of the two men connected with the theatre who were lost on the Lusitania there can be little doubt that Mr. Charles Klein, playwright, died much better off than Mr. Charles Frohman, producer. Actually, the substantial fortunes on Broadway are made by the owners and lessees of theatres, like the celebrated syndicate, or by the authors and actors. As soon as the actor becomes an actor-manager, he incurs the risks which attend the business side of the profession.

It may be aggravating or palliating the charge against men who have commercialized the theatre in this country to say that, for the most part, they are not even good business men. Play-producing is rather a game than a business. Perhaps this characteristic is essential to the calling, but it is plain that comparatively few men proceed on any other supposition than that the whole thing is a gamble. The causes which lead to bankruptcy in ordinary lines of commerce, over-extension, wasteful methods, speculation, are evident here. Something in the genius of the business impels a manager, when he has produced a successful play, to invest a fortune in scenery and go to smash. When a manager has scored a single hit, the usual thing for him is to push his luck for all it is worth. He begins absorbing manuscripts, stars, theatres, road companies at an alarming rate. The usual result is indigestion. On the basis of a single success he begins to think in terms of chains of theatres, systems, syndicates. To a certain extent he becomes the victim of the popular traditions that surround the theatre, its triumphs and its profits. The stories of $2,000-a-week stars, of five-year contracts, of enormous investments in scenery, are primarily intended as window-dressing; but apparently the showman is carried away by his own exuberance.

Yet, at best, the business is a speculative one. It is based, in the first place, on that uncertain factor, the public favor, which in the long run may prove itself a fairly constant quantity, but is unquestionably subject to extraordinary fluctuations. The standing wonder in the minds of theatregoers is how so many plays come to be staged which obviously have no chance. But the average producer holds to the sole theory that the only way of finding out what will go on the stage is by trying. The history of the theatre is replete with instances of unexpected successes, of triumphs won by accident of time, or public mood, or the actor's personality. So large investments go into the production of a play, investments whose value may be swept away in the course of a single night. For that matter, if plays failed utterly on the first night, it would help to stabilize the business. But there is no telling. Plays have started out badly, and then by hanging on have toppled over into victory, as the result of skilful advertising, as the result of a change in public sentiment, or by sheer accident. Bernard Shaw's vogue in this country was made by Mr. Arnold Daly with his experiment in "Candida," an experiment which for weeks seemed destined to fail. The case of George Arliss in "Disraeli" is perhaps the most striking example of apparent failure turning to huge success. It is in waiting for the tide to turn, in keeping expensive companies playing in expensive theatres to "paper" houses, that fortunes are eaten up. And beyond that, there is the established method of plunging heavily on Broadway on the chance of recouping one's self "on the road." To win the *cachet* of a year on Broadway, plays have been kept going at heavy loss. Sometimes the gamble pays. When it fails, the accumulated profits of years are swept away.

The essentially speculative nature of the business, aggravated by our national optimism, or gambling spirit, if one wishes to call it that, will account for the rise and fall of producers; for a career like that of Oscar Hammerstein, who is our most striking example of the man who dreams in terms of great auditoriums and chains of affiliated companies. Ill luck plus over-extension will account for the recent failure of the Liebler enterprises, after a brief career of apparently great prosperity.

So luck does enter very largely into the business. Yet that would be only a reason for all the greater caution on the part of the managers; and as a matter of fact, instances will occur of men whose continued prosperity does argue methods other than the gambler's. As against examples of wasteful business like those of our own day, or personal lack of foresight, as in the case of Lester Wallack and Henry Irving, there are sufficient cases to prove that sound business methods have their reward even in the most freakish of occupations.

Foreign Correspondence

THE BLOSSOMING OF WAR—LETTERS OF THE DEAD AND LIVING.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, May 1.

When this cruel war is over, shall we still be able to find the day-by-day stories of its bitter course, in which our common humanity blooms with so rare a beauty? Let us gather our roses while we may.

From the little provincial town of Auch comes the following letter. It was found on the body of Reserve Lieutenant Chatanay when he was killed on the 15th of October last at Vermelle. The lieutenant was a member of the French University (*agrégé*); his letter was to be sent to his wife in case he should fall:

"My darling, I write for any chance, for we never know. If this letter reaches you, it will be because France has had need of me to the very end. You must not weep, for I swear to you I shall die happy if I must give my life for her.

"My only care is the difficult situation in which you will find yourself and the children. How can you make sure of our babies' future and your own? Happily, you can count on your old post as a teacher and all the help of my family. How I wish I could be sure some possible arrangement could be found!

"For the bringing up of the little ones I am not troubled; you will know how to direct this as I would have done myself. I hope they will be able to make for themselves that independent living which I counted on securing for them if I lived. . . . You will kiss the dear little ones for their papa; you will tell them he is gone on a long, very long journey, that he never ceases to love them and think of them and protect them from far-away. I wish Cotte at least could remember me. There will also be a little baby, so little, whom I shall not have known. If it is a son, my wish is that he should be a doctor some day—unless, after this war, France should still need officers. You will tell him, when he is old enough to understand, that his father gave his life for a great ideal—our country reconstituted and strong.

"I think I have said what is essential. Good-by, my darling, my love. Promise me not to

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begrudge me to France if she wishes to have me entirely. Promise me also to comfort Mother and Father; and do not forget to say to the little girls that their father, no matter how far away, will never cease to watch over them and love them. Some day we shall be united again—it is my hope—with Him who guides our lives and who has given me with you and by means of you so much happiness. Poor darling, I have not the time to linger over the thought of our love—yet it has been so great and strong!

"Good-by till we meet again—the great meeting, the true one. Be strong!

"Your JEAN."

What can be fit comment on such a letter, except to shame those who have not believed in human nature—French human nature!

The priest of a little country parish, which was caught up in the slaughter and devastation of the battle of the Marne, has been induced to tell a part of his story. He is the *curé* of Germigny-l'Evêque, where Bossuet had his country house and wrote some of the sermons which Matthew Arnold thought such perfect prose. There was no time for historical recollections now.

"A mile and a half from Vareddes I was stopped by a detachment of Chasseurs d'Afrique. The captain said:

"'Begin your ministry with our own soldiers.'

"Over four bodies torn by shrapnel I recited the De Profundis. I could not finish the psalm. The soldiers gazed at their comrades stretched out before them and I saw their tears dripping down on their arms.

"Further on, I went through the field of fighting. Among so many German skirmishers lying in the vast plain, I discovered only one that was still alive. I reached Vareddes, not without great difficulty. The highway from Meaux to Soissons was scarcely passable. Great branches from the trees which bordered it on each side had been cut off by the shells of our 75 guns as by some giant knife and covered the whole width of the road. On the ground and in the ditches there were heaps of corpses. Near the bridge over the Ourcq Canal, I found in proper lines about two hundred baskets of shrapnel which the Germans had not had time to carry away with them.

"In front of the first houses four Uhlans and four horses were standing. At their request, two old men were giving them glasses of wine when—suddenly—at a bound, in the midst of the Uhlans, a 75 shell burst noisily. All four with their horses were mowed down—and, by providential chance, the two old men were saved and ran away in a fright.

"An ambulance was set up in the house of Madame Duclos. I entered and could distinguish, on a little straw, soldiers fearfully mutilated. I saw no doctor, no orderly near them. All cried to me—*Wasser! Wasser!* and a dozen Catholics asked to make their confession.

"In the church of Vareddes, whose old priest the infuriated Germans had hurried off with them, there were numerous wounded—but neither doctor nor nurse. There were Catholics and Evangelicals, and I tried to comfort them all. Before going away, I could not help saying to a superior officer: 'You are going back now!' With burning eyes, he said: 'It's true—and we do not understand it at all. But all Germany will make a rush against you, and we shall all die—to the last man!'

"A Catholic who was wounded answered my first question, 'How long since you were at confession?' 'Oh, twice already since I've been in France!' The two French priests to whom he went did not know a word of German and gave him absolution at once. Another, painfully, opened his coat and showed me on his torn breast a brass crucifix. Everywhere the wounded rose up on their bloody straw and asked, *'Ist es bald Friede, Herr Pastor* (Will peace come soon)?'

"'Why did you declare war?' I asked. 'No! No! It was the French began!' I was never able to convince one of them, not even an officer. Those who have thus deceived the German people and warped their mind will be forever covered with the blood shed in this frightful war—according to the expression of their wounded whom I was endeavoring to console: *'Ach! schrecklicher Krieg!'*

"I thought it my duty to blame the German soldiers for ravaging our properties. 'Why do you reproach us?' they answered me. 'Our chiefs permit us to pillage all abandoned houses!'"

Not all is sad and deadly in this war; but even the smiles are grewsome. In Mülhausen an Alsatian woman, looking at the German captive war balloon, had the ill luck to speak her natural mind: *"Eine Wienerwurst* (a Vienna sausage)!" Officers heard her and had her taken to the post for an offence against the German army. In vain she protested she had no evil intention: "I did not know what it was called, and I said the first name that occurred to me."

The officer in command said he believed her, but, to learn the right expression, she must be made to repeat for three hours *"Ein deutscher Fesselballon* (a German captive balloon)!" She was to stop only every quarter to get her breath. When she was home again, she said to her husband: "Unhappy woman that I am! Now, when I wish to buy a Wienerwurst, I can never help asking for *ein deutscher Fesselballon*—and they will have me up again for it!"

UNDERSTANDING AMONG CLASSES — SHAKESPEARE AS A RECRUITING SERGEANT — THE PROMOTION OF "RANKERS."

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, April 30, 1915.

Never, perhaps, has there been so much "talk" in England as during the last eight months. In this talk those who are prone to rigid generalizations can find ample material to strengthen any conviction or prejudice, in the reports of so-and-so, who had it direct from the sister or cousin of a very high authority indeed. To those, however, who are not wedded to a *parti pris* attitude, the effects of this gigantic babblement are much more bewildering, because the most contradictory reports and opinions keep bobbing up on the surface of the criss-cross currents of observation and information—all, to the layman, of apparently equal validity. The net result is, perhaps, the emergence of a dissolvent of old and familiar preconceptions. With the enforced abandonment of his taciturnity, the Englishman is undergoing considerable change in his psychology. The several classes are coming to understand one another's points of view in a hitherto unparalleled manner. There are now some sympathy and some understanding of the workingman, even among those who formerly had nothing but blustering condemnation for his presumption in organizing or striking, to the inconvenience of the privileged classes. The simple fact that the high-born dames who nurse the wounded Tommies find them so likable and such thoroughly good fellows must go a long way to creating appreciation and sympathy for the "working" brothers and cousins of these indomitably cheerful and heroic patients.

Passing along Tottenham Court Road the other day, I was struck by a most effective series of recruiting posters exhibited in the windows of one of the "emporiums" characteristic of that busy thoroughfare. These consisted simply of patriotic quotations from Shakespeare's plays, printed in bold and conspicuous lettering:

This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
. . . Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,

On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.

The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry! England and St. George!"

And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.

. . . Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.

He lives in fame
That dies in virtue's cause.

Reading these undying lines, I felt more keenly than ever that though, in a sense, his genius is of no time or race, Shakespeare was yet the greatest Englishman of us all. We may smile at Heine's clever epigram—that there were two things he could never understand, viz., how Shakespeare was born an Englishman or Jesus Christ a Jew; but after all, what other country could be for one moment thought of as Shakespeare's potential birthplace? In his large sanity he saw England whole; he was well aware that Pistol and Bardolph are as typically English as Henry V himself. We have both types in our midst at this moment. The Shakespearean Englishman is to all intents identical with the Englishman of to-day. The pessimist, the caviller at human nature can easily find excuse for his cynical view of the essential sordidness of man, just as the idealist can find cause for thrilling to the fine and the heroic. Shakespeare is neither optimist nor pessimist, while we little people narrow our vision to fit a conviction or generalization. As our small protestantisms and prejudices yield and break up, we enter the more spacious atmosphere of the coming time, the very air that Shakespeare proleptically breathed.

Soon after the outbreak of the war I had a very interesting talk with a sergeant of artillery, well known at the great Olympia Military Tournament as one of the smartest soldiers and most brilliant show performers in the whole British army. He was a young fellow of about twenty-four, who had served six years in all, winning his first stripe very soon after his enlistment. At the time I saw

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him he had just been informed that he was to receive a commission; and it was his views on this subject that interested me. Looking much more distinguished than half the officers one meets, and bearing himself with perfect social ease and aplomb, there was nothing to indicate that he did not belong to the officer class except, perhaps, an occasional hardly noticeable difficulty with the letter H. Yet he was seriously considering the advisability of declining his commission! He did not hold with this idea of making "rankers" into officers; educated gentlemen were much more fitted to command, and were more willingly followed, than those brought up with fewer advantages; a promoted ranker never felt quite at his ease with the gentleman officer; the fact that he would have absolutely nothing beyond his pay would be a great handicap; he was happy and contented in his present position and could not be sure of the measure of success he might have as a commissioned officer; and so on. He wound up by saying: "Well, if I do take the commission and don't feel comfortable after the war is over, I can always resign and reënlist under another name." I mention this incident because it seems to me so characteristically English. It is impossible to conceive of an energetic young American refusing any promotion offered to him on his merits, or feeling any unwillingness to accept the greater responsibility of a superior position. It indicates how deeply ingrained is the recognition of the belief that one class is born to give orders, the others to receive them. And this attitude is compatible with superabundant energy and perfect self-respect, for the man I am writing about was the very reverse of a slacker, and knew perfectly well that he was a jewel among "non-coms." The case illustrates, perhaps, both the strength and the weakness of the English character. The strength is shown by the modest and unselfish readiness of good men to serve under those whom they believe (rightly or wrongly) to be more fitted for a given task than themselves. The weakness is shown in a certain lack of initiative or of ambition, a sort of conservative clinging to past traditions that may often leave the Miltons mute and the Hampdens inglorious by their own volition.

Among the many minor (or minimal) inconveniences of the war has been the total disappearance from the newspapers of the daily weather reports. Diligent students of these reports suddenly found themselves in the position of not knowing how cold they ought (officially) to be, unless they happened to have an acquaintance on the staff of Greenwich Observatory. It soon transpired, however, that this minor inconvenience to the home-keeping civilian was dictated by military expediency. It was realized that western Europe gets her weather mainly from the Atlantic, and that Great Britain lay in the track of the storm. The English forecasts might thus have been of immense service to the Germans contemplating an air-raid, and it was obviously wise to conceal from them, as much as possible, the actual or probable state of the weather in the British Isles. An ideal day in Germany does not preclude the possibility of a fine little cyclonic eddy preparing to meet Zeppelins off the coast of Ireland. Weekly bulletins are sent secretly to friends in need of such information, but care (some critics think hardly enough care) is taken to prevent important news of the weather in advance from reaching an enemy who would know too well how to make use of it.

The new element of beauty brought to London by the darkness of war and the play of the searchlight has doubtless struck many beholders; but it has been left to Mr. Joseph Pennell to grasp and synthetize this impression with the insight and wizardry of the true artist, and to give the passing vision an imperishable record. It is devoutly to be hoped that some at least of the charcoal drawings and lithographs he is now exhibiting in the Leicester Galleries will be acquired for the nation. It was, indeed, a fortunate dispensation that fixed his artistic aerie in the Adelphi, in the very centre of the conflict between the inspissated gloom and the spears of light, and high above the River Thames, restored to a mysterious loveliness of which the electric demon had long deprived it.

The use of asphyxiating gas by the Germans in the recent battle near Ypres caused the War Office to issue a request for respirators for the British troops. The required half-million were all received within twenty-four hours of the publication of the appeal—surely a significant and praiseworthy record.

H. G. Wells and the Victorians

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

It is a singularly incurious person who has never looked into the books of H. G. Wells; for through his innumerable pages swarm the figures, flash the colors, hum the voices of strictly contemporary life. Though he is on the brink of fifty, he remains the copious and incessant spokesman for the Younger Generation which he has stung into consciousness of itself. He helps us also to understand the stupidity of our fathers and the absurdity of our mothers. When Ann Veronica, in the novel bearing her name, announces her intention of attending an unchaperoned dance in London and spending the vestiges of the night in a hotel, her aunt packs an entire "system of ideas" into the little apprehensive phrase, "But, my dear!" If you feel that the exclamation is delightfully ridiculous, you may consider yourself of the Younger Generation. If you elevate pained eyebrows with the aunt, you must set yourself down as Victorian.

When the Queen's great reign closed with her death in 1901, Mr. Wells did not go so far as to insist that the bones of her statesmen be hung in chains and the ashes of her men of letters be scattered to the winds. But he recognized, as did the court poets at the Restoration, that the readiest way to brighten a new epoch is to blacken its predecessor; violating the Victorians was an expedient justified, to adapt a military expression, by literary necessity. Accordingly he has put into circulation the popular epithets for the politics, religion, art, and morals which prevailed in the "dingy, furtive, canting, humbugging, English world" of our fathers, with its "muddled system," its "emasculated orthodoxy," its "shabby subservience," its "unreasonable prohibitions," its "meek surrender of mind and body to the dictation of pedants and old women and fools." At the same time he has been giving currency to the catchwords of the new era: "scientific method," "research," "efficiency," "coöperation," "publicity," "constructive statesmanship," "socialism," "eugenics," "feminism," "aviation." When we open his works of fiction, we find the Victorian muddler, the prig, the standpatter, and the prude making way for the clear-eyed theorist with the "white passion of statecraft," the titled lady with a penchant for breaking plate glass, the iconoclastic journalist in greenish gray tweeds and art-brown tie, the independent young schoolgirl who dares to say "damn." And we are feelingly persuaded that we are moving, or that the world has rolled on and left us behind.

I.

A writer so full of tendency as Mr. Wells, constantly setting father against son and son against father, is obviously something more or less than a novelist, quite irrespective of his sociological treatises. In the state of literary manners existing under George V, it is a bit difficult, however, to determine whether a man of letters who comes forward with a new order of ideas is a humbug or a philosopher. While I was pondering this delicate essential question in the case of Mr. Wells, there came into my hands a study* of the man and his works by a critic of the younger generation, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, which helped me out of an embarrassing situation. "Grotesque and violent as it may at first appear," says Mr. Brooks, "I believe that in the future Wells will be thought of as having played towards his own epoch a part very similar to that played by Matthew Arnold."

I was glad to be assured that Mr. Wells's air of passionate earnestness and transparent candor was not merely an aspect of his literary technique. And I seized eagerly upon the suggested parallelism; for, as I said to myself, if Wells is the Arnold of our time, by instituting a series of comparisons between the two men we may measure the "march of mind" in the post-Victorian period, and demonstrate the superiority of the ideas open to our young people over those set before their elders. But as I glanced down the page, I perceived that the likeness of Arnold and Wells was not limited to their general function in bringing home to the English mind "a range of ideas not traditional in it." That likeness extends, it seems, to "their specific attitudes towards most of the branches of thought and action they have concerned themselves with. Wells on Education, on Criticism, on Politics, and the nostrums of Liberalism; Wells, even on Religion, continues the propaganda of Arnold. Everywhere in these so superficially dissimilar writings is exhibited the same fine dissatisfaction, the same faith in ideas and standards, the same dislike of heated

*_The World of H. G. Wells._ By Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

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bungling, plunging, wilfulness, and confusion; even the same predominant contempt for most things that are, the same careful vagueness of ideal."

Though I shared the critic's desire to relate Mr. Wells in some way to his predecessors, I was reluctant to acquiesce in the implications of this series of comparisons. For one point I supposed was entirely certain—that Wells repudiated the Victorians; and here was Mr. Brooks making him out the spiritual son and heir of one of their leading representatives. With a little effort, I believed, a spiritual ancestor with a more appealing likeness to his descendant could have been discovered outside the age of compromise and muddle. Arnold, as I thought, was disqualified for the relationship by characteristics which he shared with most of the reforming novelists of his sluggish period. I refer to their habit of dealing, "confusedly," no doubt, with realities, and to the modesty of their enterprises. Dickens, Kingsley, Reade, Mrs. Stowe, and the rest—they did not seek to make the world over, but only to accomplish a few simple things like abolishing slavery, sweatshops, Corn Laws, the schools of Squeers, imprisonment for debt, the red tape of legal procedure, the belief in pestilence and typhoid as visitations of God—and all that sort of piddling amelioration.

What Wells required in the way of an ancestor was a man with a large free gesture, like Godwin or Rousseau, sweeping away the Dædalian labyrinth of existing society, and with a few bold strokes chalking out a new social order. Shelley might serve; he was like Wells in striving "to bring home to the English mind a range of ideas not traditional in it"; and he showed other points of similarity. In both Shelley and Wells we find the same fierce railing at conventional and customary things, the same eager projecting and reforming temper, the same childlike faith in the possibility of refashioning human nature, the same absorbed interest in sex, and the same abandonment of an eagerly pursued science for the sake of writing romances.

Though in these general respects Shelley was like Wells, Shelley was not in the least like Arnold, who, as will be remembered, dismissed him as a beautiful but ineffectual angel. I was thus driven to conclude that the really decisive likeness which Mr. Brooks saw between Wells and Arnold was not in their general function and temper, but in "their specific attitudes towards most of the branches of thought and action they have concerned themselves with." Yet having by this time conceived a partiality for my own literary parallel, I subconsciously ran it out alongside that of Mr. Brooks, while I was examining his contention that the prophet of the Younger Generation has continued the propaganda of the "elegant Jeremiah" of the Victorians.

II.

Wells, we are told, continues the propaganda of Arnold with regard to education. The error involved here could have been made only in an age more concerned about its educational machinery than about its educational product. It is perfectly true that both Wells and Arnold wish the state to organize and standardize instruction. The vital question, however, is whether they agree upon what the state schools are to teach, and upon what is the objective of teaching.

It will hardly be disputed that if educators have anything in common it is the desire of each to reproduce his own educational species. Wells was trained at the Royal College of Science in physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, and botany; Arnold was trained at the University of Oxford in the traditional classical disciplines. Wells belongs indubitably to the scientific species of educator, distinguished by its devotion to original research and by its steadfast belief that the crown of human endeavor is an extension of the boundaries of knowledge. Arnold belongs indubitably to the humanistic species of educator, distinguished by the importance it attaches to the assimilation of classical experience in the attainment of its highest end, the perfection of the individual character.

When Wells outlines a model course for the schools of the future, he discards Greek and Latin, and prescribes as the "backbone" of a sound curriculum as much mathematics as possible, English, and the natural sciences. When Arnold, after thirty years' experience as inspector of schools, delivers in America the essence of his educational ideas, he tells us that for most men a little mathematics suffices; that Greek will be "increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty and how powerfully Greek art and literature can serve this need"; and that if there is to be a separation and option between humane letters and natural sciences, the majority of men would do well "to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences." For, argues Arnold, humane letters help a man's soul to get soberness, righteousness, and wisdom; while in the sphere of conduct, which is three-fourths of life, the natural sciences are comparatively impotent, leaving the moral nature undisciplined and inclined to caprice and eccentricity. Arnold maliciously cites the case of Faraday, that eminent man of science, who was a Sandemanian; one thinks also of Shelley, who emerged from his passionate study of chemistry at Oxford, declaring that the happiness of the human race depends upon the adoption of a vegetable diet; and one remembers the many heroes and heroines of Wells who have been bred on the natural sciences, and how they apply their zoölogical observations to the conduct of life. If, finally, we recall together the fact that Wells is a pupil and disciple of Huxley, and the fact that Arnold's "Science and Literature" is rather explicitly an attack upon the new educational programmes inspired by Huxley, it should be clear that Arnold came into the world to condemn the educational ideas of Wells.

III.

It is true that both Wells and Arnold insist upon the importance of fearless criticism—the free play of ideas upon all the subjects which concern us. But here again, before we agree that one continued the work of the other, it is essential to know the standpoint adopted, the method pursued, and the object contemplated by each.

At the risk of verbal absurdity one is obliged to say that Wells as critic takes his stand with the future behind him; that he retreats into the future for light on the problems of the present, and that the object of his criticism is to enable us to see things as in themselves they really are not. And, to continue the Hibernian contrast, Arnold takes his stand with the past behind him; he returns to history for light on the questions of the day; and his object, as he never tires in repeating, is to enable us to see things as in themselves they really are.

This wide difference in critical object, method, and standpoint arises from the fundamental opposition between, let us say, the pseudo-scientific and the humanistic outlook upon life. Wells, whose philosophy took shape in the biological laboratory as under the microscope the bounds which seemed to hold individuals in fixed species disappeared and everything merged in everything else by an infinite scale of infinitesimal differences—Wells is profoundly impressed by the *uniqueness* of every atom in the universe, and hence by the impossibility of formulating any law valid for any two atoms. Arnold, whose philosophy took shape as he studied the moral rather than the physical history of man, is profoundly impressed by the *identity* of human passions and human needs in Palestine, Greece, and England; and hence by the possibility of discovering law valid for civilized men everywhere and at all times.

We have here an explanation of the curious fact that the critic of scientific training abandons the "scientific method" and proceeds from the unknown to the known, while the critic trained in humane letters adopts the "scientific method" and proceeds from the known to the unknown. I mean that Wells, in his skepticism of the categories established by the intellect, throws reason overboard, and commits the steerage of his course to a self-willed, egoistic, anarchical imagination. "I make my beliefs," he says, "as I want them. I do not attempt to go to fact for them. I make them thus and not thus exactly as an artist makes a picture so and not so." For Arnold, who retains his faith in the intellect, truth is not something to be created, but something to be ascertained. Between the two critics yawns this gulf: Wells seeks to make whim and the will of Wells prevail, while Arnold seeks to make "right reason and the will of God" prevail.

This distinction holds between the political and social fantasies of Wells as set forth

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in his various Utopian essays, and the political and social criticisms of Arnold as set forth in his essays on Democracy, Equality, British Liberalism, and Culture and Anarchy. In the one case, a lyrical voice cries, like the Persian poet, "Come, let us drink wine, and crown our heads with roses, and break up the tedious roof of heaven into new forms." In the other case, a sober, persistent Englishman says, "Let us try to look at this nineteenth century of ours steadily and determine what can be done; let us straighten a little here, and level a little there, and elevate a little everywhere."

A specious likeness is perhaps observable in the fact that both Wells and Arnold advocate extending the powers of the state. The likeness itself becomes a difference the moment one reflects that Arnold recommended an increase of governmental action in a time of *laissez-faire* Liberalism and radical Individualism, and that Wells advocates an increase of governmental action in a time when an English statesman is telling us that "we are all Socialists nowadays." It is not the function of a political critic, as Arnold reminds us, to carry coals to Newcastle.

The difference widens as soon as one considers the uses to which Wells and Arnold propose to put the enlarged powers of the state. Wells, having the courage of his sanguine imagination, desires to make the state a magnificent reservoir of science and energy and capital, "which will descend like water that the sun has sucked out of the sea," which will do away with the necessity of poverty and labor and pain, and which will abolish "the last base reason for any one's servitude or inferiority." Arnold, who prefers to retain some contact with the realities of life, phlegmatically lays down a very simple principle defining the limits of state action: "To use the state is simply to use cooperation of a superior kind. All you have to ask yourselves is whether the object for which it is proposed to use this coöperation is a rational and useful one, and one likely to be best reached in this manner. Professor Fawcett says that Socialism's first lesson is that the workingman can acquire capital without saving, through having capital supplied to him by the state, which is to serve as a fountain of wealth perennially flowing without human effort. Well, to desire to use the state for that object is irrational, vain, and mischievous. Why? Because the object is irrational and impossible."

What more need be said of the New Republic and other ships of state which Wells, like Shelley launching his paper boats on the pond in Kensington Gardens, lets drift down the stream of time? What more need be said but that Wells himself, like Shelley in his later years, has begun to despair of transforming the world by state intervention, and is transferring his faith to the redemptive power of the "beautiful moral idealisms" embodied in his own novels!

IV.

Nowhere, however, does the irreconcilable opposition of Wells and Arnold appear more distinctly than in their respective attitudes towards morality, and in particular towards "sexual morality." In the latter field, the Herzegovina of the moral world, Wells has been an incessant dropper of bombs. Arnold, in general, maintained the despised Victorian "reticence." One recalls, nevertheless, significant passages in his letters expressing apprehensions for the future of France on the score of the "social evil." And one recalls his equally significant declaration that Dowden's "Shelley" makes one feel "sickened for ever of the subject of irregular relations."

To the humanistic moralist of the Victorians morality seems an extremely simple matter. He holds that in the course of some thousands of years of civilized society the elementary principles of conduct have been adequately tested, and are now to be unequivocally accepted. They constitute a standard of "right reason" outside themselves, to which we should vigorously subject our treacherous individual sensibilities. By adopting these principles the individual acquires a character, becomes a member of civil society, and performs the first duty of man, which is to perpetuate in and through himself the moral life of the race.

The zoölogical moralist of the Younger Generation holds that morality is a new, complex, experimental science with its work all before it and only a vague generalization fresh from Mr. Wells's laboratory to guide it. In order to get society upon a sound moral basis, says Mr. Wells, it is essential "to reject and set aside all abstract, refined, and intellectualized ideas as starting propositions, such ideas as right, liberty, happiness, duty, or beauty, and *to hold fast to the fundamental assertion of life as a tissue and succession of births.*" How Sairey Gamp would have enjoyed that "tissue and succession of births"! Upon this striking obstetrical truth Mr. Wells proposes to hang Moses and all the prophets. Then he will erect upon it the new morality.

Since life is fundamentally a tissue and succession of births, it appears to follow that the first duty of man is to perpetuate not the moral but the physical life of the race. Since "we don't know what to breed for," orthodox eugenics is all astray. Since scientific man-breeding, or zoölogical ethics, is still in its infancy, it behooves us to encourage all sorts of experimentation in procreation, cohabitation, the rehabilitation of natural children, the state subsidization of mothers, and perhaps also of lovers. In the new society, instead of the Victorian convention which precluded the married man from investigation in this field, we shall have freedom for various sex-associations, and, consequently, for enriching emotional discoveries in what are now the dull years of domestic fidelity and emotional hebetude. Mr. Wells is rather fond of turning the tables upon the naughty dramatists of the Restoration, who, as every one knows, exalted the bachelor at the expense of the married man. In "Ann Veronica," for example, and "The New Machiavelli," it is the bachelor who is the cad and the *cornuto;* it is the married man who knows how to strike the emotional diapason.

It may be objected that it is idle to promise a future in which a man may love any woman he pleases, since all history teaches that a man has his life-work cut out for him if he pleases any woman he loves. Mr. Wells does not care what history teaches. It may be pointed out that experimentation in irregular relations is not a novelty; that it is now, and always has been, widely practiced; and that the experience of mankind has generally proved it disastrous. Mr. Wells does not care what the experience of mankind has proved. If you assure him that it is not a question of social "systems," but of human nature, if you insist that irregular relations under any system quite regularly beget that "vehement flame" of jealousy which the wise man of Israel says is "cruel as the grave," you do not abate his enthusiasm one jot. He is a man of imagination. He makes his beliefs as he wants them. If they clash with immutable things in this world, he creates another world. He has heard of jealousy; but he intends to abolish it. He intends to create a new society in which one can make love to another man's wife without exciting the jealousy of her husband. This is the inspiriting message of "Passionate Friends," which closes with these words: "I will not be content with that compromise of jealousies which is the established life of humanity today. I give myself—to the destruction of jealousy and of the forms and shelters and instruments of jealousy, both in my own self and in the thoughts and laws and usage of the world."

Precisely Shelley's idea when he magnanimously invited his wife to join him and Mary Godwin in Switzerland. And she, poor wretch, dumbly criticised his idea from the bottom of the Serpentine.

V.

The defect in Wells's religion which distinguishes it from the religion of Arnold is exactly the defect in his morality, namely, the lack of any principle of control. Here again, he cries, we are in a field for free experimentation; nothing has been determined; "religion and philosophy have been impudent and quackish—quackish!" And so, while for Arnold religion is something which binds and limits, religion for Wells is something which looses and liberates. Arnold rejects dogmatic theology, but he writes three books to justify the Hebraic faith in an Eternal, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness, and to extol the "method" and the "sweet reasonableness" of Jesus. Wells rejects dogmatic theology and all our inheritance from the Hebrews—except their turn for business organization; his substitute for "morality touched with emotion" is a hot fit of enthusiasm for social progress excited by fixed meditation upon the Utopian projections of his own fancy.

For Arnold, the men of true religious insight are Jesus, Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis, the author of the "Imitations," Spinoza, who all consent together that "the Kingdom of God is within you." Wells designates this

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conception in the case of Marcus Aurelius as "a desire for a perfected inconsequent egotism." There is something to be said for a religion which produces a perfected egotism like that of Aurelius. But Wells, in the temper of Shelley and other social revolutionists, insists that "salvation's a *collective* thing," to be accomplished somewhere in the social environment, beyond the borders of the individual soul. The logical product of the sentimental altruism of Wells may be seen in the hero of almost any one of his later novels—in the hero, for example, of "Tono-Bungay," whom his creator quite accurately characterizes as a "spiritual guttersnipe in love with unimaginable goddesses."

With all its fervor for perfecting mankind in the mass, the religion of Wells somehow fails to meet the needs of the individual man. It helps every one but its possessor. He has struggled with this problem, but he has not brought to his task the resources of the religious sages; he has approached it with only the resources of the scientific perfectibilians. He has felt, as we all have felt, the dumb and nameless pain which throbs at the heart of our being as we march or mince or creep or crowd through the welter of cross-purposes, wars, poverty, dreadful accidents, disease, and death, which we call our life. If you ask him how to assuage that pain, he answers that we must apply scientific methods to make mankind pacific, intelligent, well, and wealthy. If you ask him why his hero, Trafford in "Marriage," who is already wealthy, well, intelligent, and pacific, still feels the throbbing pain, he replies, "That is because Trafford has a developed social consciousness, and cannot enter into felicity until there is a like felicity for all men to enter."

Now, did Mr. Wells possess not the insight of the religious sages, but just the sober human experience of a pagan like Horace, he would know that though all men entered his earthly paradise of lacquered ceilings, white-tiled bathrooms, Turkey rugs, scientific kitchens, motor-boats, limousines, and Victrolas, still in their poor worm-infested breasts would dwell "black care," still would they remain spiritual guttersnipes in their scientific Elysium. And if Mr. Wells consulted Arnold or the spiritual physicians who have effectually prescribed for the essential malady of living, he would be told that inner serenity springs from self-collection, self-control, and, above all, from the Hebraic sense of personal righteousness, which is the beginning of religious wisdom.

VI.

Here and there through the works of Wells there is a glint of skepticism, a flash of self-mockery, which makes one wonder to what extent he himself feels the confidence of the young people who look to him as their saviour. But I have deliberately renounced inquiry into the essential sincerity of his radicalism. I have presented him in the rôle that captivates his admirers, not as an empty resonator for a bewildered and discontented multitude, but as glowing, eloquent, sanguine leader of the generation which is pressing for a place in the sun. I have exhibited him rising in adorable, unworldly innocence to arraign a social system under which two and two make only four, and water refuses to run up hill, and a child cannot eat his cake and keep it, and fire will not refrain from burning, nor the lion and the lamb lie quietly together, nor sober people take seriously his fairy tales of science, sex, and sociology. If my analysis is correct, I have detached him from Arnold, and established his connection with Shelley. This service should be grateful to him and to his followers; for I have denied him the rank of a Victorian critic only that I might elevate him to the rank of a Georgian angel.

Notes from the Capital

THE SUCCESSOR OF ELIHU ROOT.

What's in a name? The encyclopædias assert that Reverdy Johnson died nearly forty years ago, but some of us know that he has only entered his second childhood. I saw him the other afternoon going into the house which his grandfather, John Hay, built at the corner of Sixteenth and H Streets. He appeared in robust health, in spite of the fact that it took three able-bodied adults to help him up the steps to the front door. To tell the whole truth, he was in a baby-carriage, and one of the persons assisting to lift the vehicle over the bumpy stone staircase was his father, a United States Senator. For this Reverdy is the joint scion of the houses of Wadsworth and Hay, both distinguished in our country's annals, and the great-great-grandson of the Reverdy Johnson who was at various times Senator from Maryland, Attorney-General, Minister to England, and pursuer of the Ku-Klux-Klan. The Senator who lent a hand in getting the juvenile Reverdy Johnson Wadsworth into the house was James Wadsworth, jr., recently elected to the seat vacated by Elihu Root.

What success Mr. Wadsworth can achieve in this position remains to be seen; in his mere individual capacity, however, he is already in the winning class. A pleasanter personality it would be hard to find. Young, clean-cut, clear-eyed, cheerful, breezy, agreeable in manner, with no affectation of affability, he has written all over him the promise of influence by infectious enthusiasm rather than by grave deliberation and profound logic. He will attract more people to his side than he will ever convince, and this is said with no disposition to disparage his mental powers. Most strangers, on first meeting him, echo in their own terms the remark made by one of his fellow-members of the New York Assembly, after studying him for a while in the Speaker's chair at Albany: "He looks as if he took two baths a day and drank lots of water." And that of itself will constitute a distinction in the United States Senate as now organized, and place the newcomer in a very small and select group.

As Mr. Wadsworth's experience on the practical side of politics and legislation has been pretty extensive for a man of his years, so he will not have a great deal to learn in those branches from his associates in Washington. If I dared venture a prophecy in this whirligig era, I should say that his mark will be made on the human rather than on the mechanical or sordid side of public affairs. It is obvious that he is one of the few thoroughly alive, alert members of a party which, before the close of its last lease of power, had begun to show unmistakable signs of dry rot. Yet he will not figure as a "reformer" in the sense in which that term is now commonly used. He will preach no crusades and head no secession movements. A liberal orthodoxy will offer him a range for his freedom of belief which many can find only in aggressive heresy. He will be in the limelight a good deal, by reason of the sympathetic interest the public will take in him; but if there is any unusual exploitation of his sayings and doings, it will not be of his own authorship. He has no God-given genius, and does not suspect himself of such a possession. But he has inherited from a sturdy ancestral stock a strong constitution that has not been abused by excesses, and a capacity for hard work which, while it will be exercised more in the committee room than amid "the applause of listening Senates," may be trusted to make its effective mark in the long run, and half the votes he wins for legislation representative of modern thought will be won quite as much by his exemplification of personal wholesomeness and his manly liking for his race as by all the oral or written arguments he may be able to muster.

A typical incident in his recent campaign, on which I have heard more comment than on any feature of his public career, was his sudden withdrawal from activity in New York and his hurried return to Washington almost on the eve of Election Day, leaving his fate hanging in the balance as if it were of no consequence to him. This precipitate change of programme occurred because his wife of a dozen years was ill, and would, he hoped, be cheered by his companionship. All the world loves real romance, and this proof that there were things in his home which loomed larger before his vision than the most coveted of political honors seems to have touched a responsive chord in a multitude of people to whom Mr. Wadsworth had before been no more than a name.

The new Senator is not without some military experience, which may be of use to him in a way. He was in college when the war with Spain broke out, and on graduation enlisted as a private in a volunteer regiment. This was a novel departure from the rule of that day among the sons of rich and influential men, who preferred being in command to roughing it in the ranks; yet the very sort of service that he saw probably opened his mind to certain ideas about the maintenance and discipline of the army which would less readily appeal to one who had studied the same subjects from a higher level.

As a speaker, Mr. Wadsworth will not be ranked among the orators of the Senate, but he has a good presence, a pleasant voice which does not tire one to listen to, a fair vocabulary, and a certain composure and freedom from self-consciousness that will go far to relieve the tediousness of the average debate. He may be trusted not to violate the ancient traditions of the upper chamber, like a noted "boy Senator" in the later nineties, by undertaking during his first term to tell his gray-haired associates what they ought to think about the most mooted problems of the day, but when he does get ready to take the floor, what he says will be worth hearing.

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Poetry

RECENT VOLUMES OF VERSE.

The Wild Knight and Other Poems. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Captain Craig. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Crack o' Dawn. By Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. A. McK. Gifford). New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

The Sun-Thief. By Rhys Carpenter. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.75.

Green Days and Blue Days. By Patrick Chalmers. Baltimore: The Norman-Remington Co. $1 net.

The Poems of François Villon. Translated by H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Co.

The Rainbow Chaser. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

Enchanted Tulips and Other Verses for Children. By A. E. and M. Keary. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Barricades. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1 net.

A Caravel of Dreams. By Lila Munro Tainter. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.13 postpaid.

The Lutanist. By Alice Wilson. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

A fourth edition of the "Wild Knight" attests the popularity of Mr. Chesterton's verse. The prose may have the poetry in tow, but it is not for want of motors in the verse itself. Mr. Chesterton is a singular example of the combination of themes which are normally didactic and sometimes metaphysical with the bold, direct methods of Homer or the mediæval balladists. His verse has the merit, admirable in our day, of being an enunciative, an assertive, a predicative verse. Aside from Mr. Kipling and a few of his party, the predicate, to all intents and purposes, has disappeared from contemporary poetry. We all write in circumflexes: Mr. Chesterton is still capable of the falling inflection. Again, he has a fine sense of scale: he has the illustrator's faculty of indicating the magnitude of the tower by the pygmy appearance of the men or other objects at its foot.

The poems reflect the author's prose in many ways. There is the defiant, almost blustering optimism and the sense of divinity in laughter. There is the familiar paradox, with its pleasant assumption that an idea, like a cream-jug or a wine-flask, yields up its content only when it is turned upside down. Inequalities are plentiful; the poetization of the material is rude and hasty, even when it is vigorous. There are times when Mr. Chesterton rises, and times when he merely *rears*. One forgives a good deal, however, to the man capable of the note of tragic passion audible in the lines in which he records a hope (now extinct, as he tells us in his preface) that the misfortunes of Britain might draw America to her side:

> Deep grows the hate of kindred,
> Its roots take hold on hell;
> No peace or praise can heal it,
> But a stranger heals it well.
>
> Seas shall be red as sunsets,
> And kings' bones float as foam,
> And heaven be dark with vultures,
> The night our son comes home.

In "Captain Craig," the first and longest poem in Mr. Robinson's revised edition, a mendicant, who is likewise philosopher and optimist, preaches hopefulness, with tongue and pen, in expansive, introspective discourses which I find myself quite unable to follow with any consecutive intelligence. I should not like to expose the reserves of my own waning faith in the kindness of the universe to the hazards of a second reading of these dismal incitements to cheerfulness. In "Isaac and Archibald," we are in quite another zone. Relieved of his optimism, Mr. Robinson becomes actually cheerful, and truth and vividness follow in the path of sunshine. In this homely, sauntering, half-blinking, rural idyl, a fresh reality has been firmly etched. There are two admirable old men who love each other without detriment to the gusto with which they see or foresee each other's increasing infirmities, and a thoroughly enjoyable boy in whom that alternation of eagerness and apathy, of wonder, and the calm taking of things for granted, which is so notable in childhood, is winningly portrayed.

In the "Book of Annandale" there are more psychological stagnancies, but power is again active in "The Woman and the Wife" and in the muffled drum-beats of two finely imaginative lyrics, "Cortège" and "Twilight Song." Readers of "Captain Craig" will be surprised at the nice frugality, the fine chariness, of treatment in the suggestive "Variations of Greek Themes."

Mr. Robinson has two grave faults: a talkativeness, not to say glibness, which seems in Shakespearean phrase to have borrowed Gargantua's mouth, and a frequent baldness—or even meanness—of rhythm and diction which is probably in his case half negligence and half insurgency. His evident wish to be a psychologist has received, I should surmise, but moderate encouragement from nature. What he can do and what is well worth doing is to sketch one class of realities vividly and to give clear lyrical embodiment to certain rare shades of universal feeling. The following is from "Twilight Song":

> But the road leads us all,
> For the king now is dead;
> And we know, stand or fall,
> We have shared the day's bread.
> We can laugh down the dream,
> For the dream breaks and flies;
> And we trust now the gleam,
> For the gleam never dies;
> So it's off now the load,
> For we know the night's call,
> And we know now the road,
> And the road leads to all.

Mrs. Gifford's "Crack o' Dawn" is, in my judgment, overstressed. Seriousness as a native state is admirable, but seriousness as a *parti pris*, as a vocation, has its drawbacks, and I think I detect something vocational in the seriousness of Mrs. Gifford. As her cleverness is beyond question and her command of rhythmical and phrasal delicacies is considerable, she often begins with right and telling strokes, but, before long, something needlessly odd or unbelievably artless or inexcusably pretty shows that the whole operation is a blithe experiment. It is as if one, summoned in hot haste to a deathbed, should stop to skip a pebble or pluck a blackberry: the tragic urgency would vanish on the spot.

Mrs. Gifford's literary ideal seems a combination of the masculine and the feminine; she would like to be trenchant and drastic like a man, and—in the same breath—tender and intuitive like a woman. Now, I am unimpressed by her renderings of masculinity for the same reason that I should care little for the "Beowulf" or the "Nibelungen Lied" in an Italian version. I listen unmoved to the appeal, "Life! stab me! make me fight before I die"; and when I am commanded: "Leave off your praise. Smile not on me," I see no alternative but to comply. Mrs. Gifford's strength, judged by meagre data, seems to lie in poems of a quite different type, womanly poems, ingle poems, poems of warm, sheltered, peaceful reverie. I quote from "Fire Fantasy," a child's dream on the hearth-rug:

> —I saw in my eyes a queer thing then.
> There was a woman with two tall men.
> She had a blue shawl over her head.
> One of them wore a cloak, blood-red.
> The other one had a sword. And she
> Was fair as an old-time queen to see.
> They had been travelling—far—so far—
> —But oh, in my eyes a falling star!
> Drowned in the sea.—And I saw a ship
> With square sails over the sea's edge slip—
> I wonder—wonder—where.—
> Oh, then
> I saw—gaunt hills and a black old fen—
> A wind-mill, water.—I saw—I saw—
> Sun-burnt boys and a stack of straw,
> Yellow, yellow! and swallows flew—
> —Was her shawl yellow, or was it blue,—
> Over her head—?—
> Oh, I am so warm,
> Out on the window tumbles the storm.

Mr. Rhys Carpenter's "Sun-Thief" is fluid—and facile; limpid—and lax; mellow—and mild. Though the theme is the "Prometheus," Mr. Carpenter has clearly stolen no fire from heaven. The lyrics are reminiscent of Shelley: they reflect part of his swiftness and melody.

Mr. Chalmers's playful reprints from *Punch* and the *Westminster Gazette* are well-mannered and well-metred verses, various in theme and prosody, with a light, deft unobtrusiveness—a persuasiveness, so to speak—more effective in the end than the customary dash and swagger. They differ—and differ to their profit—from their Amer-

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ican congeners in the possession of more aroma and less point. I feel that Mr. Chalmers tastes his own confections, which is precisely what one misses in the makers of conserves for the market. He can be delicate, likewise, when he chooses, as in the following:

I like to fancy most
That she is just some little lady's ghost
Who loved her flowers
And quiet hours
In Junes of old!

Mr. Stacpoole's renderings of Villon's lyrics and "Testaments" are apparently the negligent and spirited impromptus of an impatient and sprightly mind. There are licenses in Mr. Stacpoole's manner of reproducing the "Testaments" which make his printing of the French originals on the opposite pages an act of liberality—and courage.

This encounter with Villon induces certain reflections. Many poems that I review from month to month are Villonesque in their picaresque and swashbuckler themes, and Villonesque also in their demand for concreteness. It is the fashion of that concreteness that creates the momentous difference. In Villon the concrete *makes* the picture; in our poets it too often destroys it. The concrete by dint of superflux and complexity has become the enemy of the very clearness and precision it was instituted to promote. In Villon we have the cult; in our modernists, the superstition. We have been rescued from the obscurity of vagueness only to be flung by our rescuer himself into the obscurity of confusion. Will not poetry some day be driven to seek its deliverance in a return to the abstract? It will be fortunate indeed if it stops half-way on that hazardous journey at the wise midpoint exemplified in the fine concreteness of Villon.

The gold sought by Mr. Rand in the "Rainbow Chaser" glitters temptingly enough, but it is fairy gold and is couched, moreover, at the foot of the secondary or derivative rainbow. I read of the author's struggles and sorrows with the most unfeeling tranquillity. His "paganism" and his "sun-worship" inspire me with few misgivings on the subject of his morals or his orthodoxy: even the intrepidities of "Outcast," which are clearly meant to be disconcerting, I class with the projects of murder concocted by Tom Sawyer and his associates in their youthful society for the extirpation of parents. This inadequacy of substance is worth pointing out, because Mr. Rand is rather unusually clever, though as yet, it would seem, his cleverness has done little except answer "Present" at roll-call.

Not all the poems in the Keary volume are so good as the pungently satirical "King Fashion," the furry and purry "To Emily at her own Home from the Cat," and the marrowy and wholesome "Traveller." Some of the other verse would indicate an exceptional responsiveness in the juvenile audience with which (presumably) they succeeded.

The attitude of Mr. Louis How towards his readers is that of the old-time sophomore to the incoming freshman: "A little mauling will do the whimperer good." Time occasionally discloses real virtues in these robustious adolescents; I am not sure that it does not reserve that beneficence for Mr. Louis How.

The inbred conventionalism of Mrs. Lila Tainter's verse is now and then made mildly agreeable by a snatch of music or a stroke of fancy.

The lyrics in Miss Wilson's "Lutanist" are often mere bubble-play, but one descriptive poem, "An Egyptian Tomb,"I have read with genuine interest. Amid inequalities and mistakes, it provides both aromatic phrases and a distilled and pregnant atmosphere. Its title suggests the possibility that Miss Wilson as yet dwells in an imaginative underworld, a fantastically carved and richly shaded crypt. Will she come out some time into the beckoning day? The future alone can respond.

O. W. Firkins.

Book Notes and Byways

AN UNGARNERED EMERSON ITEM.

Probably few Emerson items of real importance are still to be unearthed. Mr. Cabot and Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson have in their discriminating editions gleaned substantially all of the previously published prose writings which are thought to have been printed from the manuscript; and a more recent volume of uncollected works has made available a considerable amount of less authentic or less significant material—some of which, in all probability, was intentionally rejected by the editors of the two complete editions. A characteristic and really admirable bit, however, has apparently escaped republication for over seventy years. "The Garden of Plants," a narrative of a visit to the Jardin des Plantes, Emerson contributed in 1844 to the *Gift*, one of the flourishing annuals of the mid-century. It is, of course, an authentic and finished literary piece; not, like most of the papers omitted from the definitive editions, a chance and probably inaccurate report of an occasional address.

The piece is called "A Leaf from a Journal." Its source is, in fact, to be found in a passage in Emerson's note-book dated July 13, 1833;* but the early passage is entirely rewritten, and expanded to about twice its original length.

H. R. Steeves.

Columbia University.

THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.

A Leaf from a Journal.

By R. W. Emerson.

I did not quit Paris without visiting the "Garden of Plants." It is the richest collection in the world, of natural curiosities, and besides its admirable classification, it is arranged for the most imposing effect. The mountain and the morass, prairie and jungle, ocean and river, the mines and the atmosphere, have been ransacked to furnish whatever was rich and rare, types of each class of beings, Nature's "proof impressions," to render account of her three kingdoms to the keen, insatiable eye of French science. In spacious grounds, skilfully laid out and shaded with fine groves and shrubberies, you walk among the animals of every country, each in his own paddock with his mate and young, supplied with his appropriate food, and his habits consulted in his accommodation. The tall Camelopard's promenade and breakfast daily draw as much attention as the king's. He browses on the boughs of trees above him, nearly twenty feet from the ground. When this stately creature came to Paris, a caricature appeared in the print shops, in which Giraffe is exclaiming to the citizens, "*Eh bien! Messieurs, il n'y a qu'une bête de plus.*" Lions from Algiers and Asia; Elephants from Siam, whose dignified bath is attended with loud applause by the boys; our compatriots the Buffalo and the Bear from New Hampshire and Labrador; all sizes and all stripes of Tigers, Hyenas, Leopards, and Jackals; a herd of Monkeys and indefinite numbers and species of Sheep, Goats, Llamas, and Zebras, sleep, browse, or ruminate in their several country fashions, each as much at ease as in his own wilds, for the amusement of the whole world, in the heart of the capital of France.

Through this lively park and its congress of beasts, you arrive at the Botanical Cabinet, an enclosed garden-plot, where *grows* a grammar of botany; where the plants rise each in its class, order, and genus (as nearly as their habits in reference to soils will permit), arranged by the hand of Jussieu himself. If you have read De Candolle with engravings, or with a *hortus siccus*, you will conceive how much more exciting and intelligible is this natural alphabet, this green, yellow, and crimson dictionary on which the sun shines, and rains and dews fall.

Passing the Aviary, which is full of song and animation, you come to a large stone edifice in the centre of the grounds, which is called the Cabinet of Natural History. Here there is no life, but here is abundant food for pleasure and wonder. It is a prodigality to visit in one's morning walk all the chambers in this great repository. The ornithological rooms deserve a separate day, for who would mix and confound so fine and delicate sensations and presentiments as these objects awaken? This silent aviary is a finer picture-gallery than the Louvre. The whole air is flushed with the rich plumage and airy forms of the birds. The fancy-colored vests of those elegant animals make me as pensive as the hues and forms of shells have long since done, whether in the cabinet of a collector, or lining like sea-flowers the Anastasia beach near St. Augustine. The fancy is stimulated, and the mind is filled with calm and genial thought. Many of the birds have a fabulous beauty, more appropriate to some Sultan's garden in Scheherazade's story, than to a scientific cabinet. Here are the favorites of nature, creatures in whose form and coat appears a transcendent finish. Observe that parrot called *Psittacus Erythropterus*—you need not write down his name, for he is the beau of all birds, and you will find him again like a Raffaelle in a gallery—then the humming birds, so little and so gay; from the least of all, the *Trochilus Niger*, not so big as a beetle, to the *Trochilus Pella*, with his irresistible neck of gold, and silver, and fire, and the *Trochilus Delalandi*, from Brazil, whom the French call the Magnificent Fly, or Glory in miniature. The birds of

*Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson, III, 161-4.

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Paradise, how delicate and picturesque in their plumage! The Manucode, or Royal Paradisæa from New Guinea, the red Paradisæa, and the Paradisæa Apoda (without feet), are each more beautiful than the last, and each, if seen alone, would be pronounced a nonpareil. The different groups of people who came into the gallery pointed out the same birds to the admiration of their companions. They particularly noticed the *Veuve à épaulettes,* a grotesque black fowl, called *Emberiza Longicauda,* with fine shoulder-ornaments and a long mourning tail; and the *Ampelis Cotinga;* and the Phasianus Argus, a pheasant who had made his toilette after the pattern of a peacock; and the Trogon Pavoninus, called also the Couroucou. But I will not begin to enumerate even the conspicuous individuals in the parti-colored assembly. Here were black swans and white peacocks, the famous venerable Ibis, come hither to Paris out of Egypt, both the sacred and the rosy; the Flamingo, with a neck like a snake; the Toucan, rightly denominated the rhinoceros, and a Vulture so truculent and executioner-like that one would not like to meet him in a wilderness.

The cabinet of birds was a single and even a small part of that magazine of natural wonders. Not less complete, if somewhat less attractive, is the collection of stuffed beasts, prepared with great skill to represent the forms and native attitudes of the quadrupeds. Then follow insects, reptiles, fishes, and, last of all, minerals. In adjoining apartments is the collection of comparative anatomy, a perfect series from the fossil trilobite, the great-grandfather of us all, up through the skeleton of the balæna, which reminds one of the frame of a schooner, to the upright form and proud skull of the Caucasian man.

The eye is satisfied with seeing, and strange thoughts are stirred in us, amidst this repository of nature's archives, this presence-chamber of the secrets of animal and chemical creation. Natural history! Is this indeed history? These organic and these inorganic remains—are they the statues of our ancestors, which we the youngest born of the world may piously behold? Here are scoriæ from the bowels of the earth, and stones supposed to have fallen from the moon. Transparent lumps of amber with gnats and flies within; radiant spar, and stalactites; huge blocks of quartz; native gold in all its forms of crystallization and combination; gold in threads, in plates, in crystals, in dust; and silver taken from the earth molten by fire. We are impressed by the inexhaustible gigantic riches of nature. The limits of the possible are enlarged, and the real is stranger than the imaginary. The universe is a wilder puzzle than ever, as you look along this stark series of once animated forms—the hazy butterflies, the carved shells, the bird, beast, worm, snake, and fish, and the upheaving principle of life everywhere incipient, in the very rock aping organized forms. Whilst I stood there, I yielded to a singular conviction, that in all these rich groups of natural productions which surrounded me, and in all the vast system which they represented, not a form so grotesque, so savage, so beautiful, but is an expression of some property in man the observer. I felt that there is an occult relation between the crawling scorpion, the flowering zoophyte, and man. I was moved by strange sympathies. I said, I will listen to this invitation; I also am a naturalist.

Correspondence

MACEDONIA AND ARMENIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In this crisis of European affairs do we owe any reparation to Macedonia and Armenia? Will you permit an ecclesiastic, who has spent eighteen of the best years of his life in missionary work in those countries, to answer this question?

Strange as it may seem, it is far from easy to determine where Europe ends and Asia begins. A friend of mine who lived for a long time on the right bank of the Lower Danube was wont to relate that the inhabitants there considered that whatever came from the left bank came from Europe; for, though they had lived for centuries under Turkish rule, they would not admit that their rulers were Europeans. Whether such a state of things is due to prejudice or not, we are forced in consequence of it to inquire what difference exists between Europeans and Asiatics, especially as this difference is not one of blood, of language, or of religion.

It is not a question of blood such as we see in the United States in the social distinction between the white race and negroes. The Turks do not belong to a Semitic race. True Ottomans have as white a complexion as any people of the northern countries. On the other hand, the Magyars, who find so much pride in imagining themselves leaders among European peoples, have to admit their Asiatic origin, which fact indeed is sufficiently well revealed by their use of a non-European tongue.

Nor is this difference a question of language, inasmuch as the Near East, and not the Far East, can claim to be the site of the Tower of Babel. In fact, in this matter of languages, no line on the map can be safely drawn as soon as, bound eastward on the Orient Express, the traveller leaves behind him the altogether Jewish city of Budapest.

Nor is it one of religion; for the Jews of Austria-Hungary and of southern Russia, to say nothing of those of Rumania, all profess to be European, while the presence of half a million Mohammedans, who still linger in Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Albania, this latest unfortunate offspring of European diplomacy, cannot hope to make the Balkan peninsula Asiatic.

And if one would make the puzzle still more complicated, one should open at page 19 Mr. H. Wickham Steed's recent book, "The Hapsburg Monarchy," where he quotes Ferdinand Kürnberger, the ablest Austrian essayist of the second half of the nineteenth century, who said in 1871 in his "Siegelringe" (1st edition, pp. 220-225):

"What is incomprehensible to every non-Austrian, nay, the eternally unintelligible about Austria, is the Asiatic in Austria . . . Austria is not really unintelligible; it must be comprehended as a kind of Asia. 'Europe' and 'Asia' are very precise ideas. Europe means Law; Asia means arbitrary rule. Europe means respect for facts; Asia means the purely personal. Europe is the *man;* Asia is at once the old man and the child. With this key you may solve all Austrian riddles. . . . Did I say that Asia is both a child and an old man? Austria also. The way our people, lively, light-living, changeable, dance up to all things with verve and grace is like a rosy children's ball. But note well that in all this south German liveliness and Slav changeability, in this whole rapid whirl of *persons,* the thing itself remains Asiatically stiff, inert, conservative, sphinx-dead, and spectrally hoary, not having budged an inch since Biblical times."

The keen bit of observation just given will aid us to solve the problem, which, as we thus perceive, is less geographical and ethnical than psychological and moral. Nor, may I say in passing, is this the first time that psychology and morals have had something to do with politics. They show us that the characteristic quality of the European is humanism, which signifies the prominence and extension of man's authority over nature, the utilization of the world by, and the subjection to, that fragile but powerful mechanism which is man's brain; the government of living beings and of things by the not less delicate and unavoidable agency of the human reason. Asiatic life, on the contrary, is based principally on naturalism, which reveals the intensity and expansion of nature's influence over man, the submissiveness and bowing down of mankind to brute force. "The struggle for life is the ideal and the type of European civilization," M. Victor Bérard very well says, "while resignation to life as it is is the sign common to all Asiatic civilizations."

The foregoing considerations were necessary to enable us to answer satisfactorily the question asked at the beginning of this letter; for I assume that the Armenian and Macedonian peoples have a special claim on the sympathy of all Europeans, and consequently on Americans, too, because their long-existing wish and striving, the pouring out of their blood for the cause nearest their heart, have always had in view the exchanging of Asiatic civilization for European; and it is sad to have to add that all this heroic effort and longing have so far proved sterile through lack, if not of sympathy, at least of efficacious coöperation, on the part of Europe. And when Europe is mentioned in opposition to Asia, there can be no doubt on which side America will range herself. In fact, when life for these would-be Europeans was made impossible in the Old World, whither did they turn for refuge but to the New World? And it should be added that the United States not only did not repel them, but even more than once intervened on their behalf in direct opposition to their oppressors, whether as a result of the influence of public opinion on the other side of the Atlantic, or of a feeling of conscientious duty on the part of the Washington Government, is no matter. Nor did the European Powers turn an absolutely deaf ear to these cries for help, as is evidenced by the proceedings of the Congress of Berlin in 1878. But where the shame lies is in the fact that promises then made and solemnly subscribed to by the so-called Great Powers were never kept, even when the desperate appeals for aid and mercy from these forlorn peoples rang throughout the civilized world. The work for humanity accomplished in this connection in the press of two hemispheres by the distinguished American war correspondent, MacGahan, will never be forgotten by the Slavs of the Balkan states, and the sensation caused in 1901 by the kidnapping of the American missionary, Miss Stone, though the

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circumstances attending it were a little theatrical perhaps, helped all the same the Macedonian cause at a time when Europe seemed to have her eyes closed thereto. And ever since that time Macedonia may be called the land of continual murder, while thousands upon thousands of refugees await across its frontiers the hour when they may return to their native country. Robert College at Constantinople is also a noble monument of American interest in the emancipation of a persecuted race, and one asks with trembling what is its present condition when the Bosphorus, on whose shores rise its towers capped by the Stars and Stripes, has suddenly become a terrible centre of war.

As for Armenia, who can count the number of human lives that have been sacrificed in the heroic days at Sassun and Zeitun, in the bloody streets of Constantinople and Adana, and in the mountainous regions of Ararat? One may well ask what regard has been paid to the sixty-first article of the Treaty of Berlin, which was to insure the safety of the Armenian nation against the secular attacks of the Circassians and the Kurds. In an Orange Book issued during the present year by the Russian Foreign Office is published in a prominent place a protocol signed by the Sultan on February 26, 1914, and relating to the same subject as this article 61. But what effect has it had? Is it not the American Ambassador at Constantinople who, with courage and abnegation, is left to act as the only protector of the Christians in Asia Minor, while Europe, fettered by the fiercest of wars, finds there the excuse for its criminal negligence?

And thus is our question answered. A real peace will not come to Europe until this crying injustice to Macedonia and Armenia is righted. The exact limits of Asia and Europe must be established once for all. The straits of the Dardanelles must be controlled by the United States of Europe as the Panama Canal is controlled by the United States of America. Not until then will security be restored to the world, for only then will be fulfilled the words of a King who was also a prophet—"Righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Psalm lxxxv, 10.)

HENRY DOULCET,
Archbishop of Dioclea.

Scala Santa, Rome, April 10.

PRESIDENT HAYES AND MR. SHERMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your kindly review of the Life of President Hayes in the issue of February 11 is the following:

"In considering the question of a Cabinet, Hayes as usual formulated a set of rules for his own guidance: he would hold over none of Grant's official family, would take in no Presidential candidates, and would make no appointment 'to take care of' anybody. He invited Sherman—in contempt of his second rule—nearly a fortnight before the Electoral Commission had finished its hearings; Schurz the next week."

The reviewer is in error in saying that the selection of Mr. Sherman was "in contempt of his [Mr. Hayes's] second rule." Mr. Sherman was not a candidate in 1876. The men placed in nomination besides Mr. Hayes at the Cincinnati Convention were Messrs. Blaine, Bristow, Conkling, Morton, Hartranft, and Jewell. Much pressure was exerted on Mr. Hayes to induce him to name one or another of these men—and especially Mr. Bristow—for the Cabinet. It was not till 1880 that Mr. Sherman contested for the Presidential nomination.

CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS.

Princeton, N. J., April 20.

[The whole question turns on a definition. If a person does not become a candidate till he is an avowed and immediate contestant for a nomination, Mr. Williams is justified in his exception. But what the reviewer supposed Mr. Hayes meant by his broad phrase, "No Presidential candidates," was, no person who aspired to the Presidency and would be likely to shape his conduct as a Cabinet officer with reference to its probable effect on his political fortunes. It is true that Mr. Sherman's active contest for the nomination did not occur till 1880; but it was then based on his record as Secretary of the Treasury in the Hayes Cabinet, and already in 1876 he had been recognized as a well-advanced "Presidential possibility," as the columns of the political press of that period abundantly testify. Moreover, Mr. Sherman, in his "Recollections," speaking of Hayes as a candidate, says, "I also was mentioned in the same connection," and takes pains to explain why he stepped aside in Hayes's favor. And Mr. Williams doubtless had this in mind in speaking (Vol. I, p. 420) of "Mr. Sherman, who had himself been suggested as a possible candidate." President Jackson, after his retirement, said that he had entered upon his Administration with a set of written rules, one of which excluded from membership in the Cabinet any person who aspired to the Presidency; and it lurked in the reviewer's mind that Mr. Hayes's resolve might have been reminiscent of Jackson's, as some of his positions on other questions duplicated the elder Harrison's.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was a gratification to the reviewer of the last issues of the Loeb Library to read the letters of Mr. Heinemann, the London publisher, and Dr. Page, one of the editors, in the *Nation* of May 6. Repeated protests on his part against certain defects in the manufacture of these books had seemed to pass unnoticed; more than forty volumes were on the market, yet the last to be issued showed no improvement over the first, and it looked as if this great undertaking were in peril of missing a considerable part of its usefulness just because those in control would not correct the bad type, bad paper, and unintelligent printing with which they started. It is therefore a gratification to one who has the success of the project very much at heart, to know that in some measure these deficiencies are acknowledged, and that amendment is looked for, however Mr. Heinemann and Dr. Page may object to the tone of the review. Let the reviewer acknowledge in turn that the note of his censure was raised a little above just measure, owing to the fact that repeated criticism of a milder character had failed to have any effect. The importance of the publication may warrant replying to one or two points raised by Mr. Heinemann and Dr. Page.

In the first place, the review did not, as Dr. Page asserts, "blame the editors for not adopting Dryden's version of Plutarch's 'Lives' instead of procuring a new one by Professor Perrin." On the contrary, the review said that, "as a close, exact, and not inelegant copy of the original, the present translation is eminently suited for that purpose [*i. e.*, the Loeb Library]—better suited than Clough's [*i. e.*, Dryden's revised] freer handling of the material." This correction is due to Professor Perrin, and also to Dr. Page's co-editors, who see the need of thoroughly accurate and close versions for the purpose of the Library.

Mr. Heinemann and Dr. Page both insist on the difficulties involved in the printing of such books. The reviewer, who, it should be said, is not without experience in such matters, is aware of those difficulties, but he is still convinced that they might have been met more intelligently. And he has been confirmed in this opinion by the word of one of the best-known printers and publishers in this country, who has not hesitated to speak, in private, of the scandalous appearance of the Loeb volumes. Dr. Page observes that "Plutarch's 'Lives' go in pairs, and the choice was between 400 pp. or 600 pp., between thin, and partly unsatisfactory, paper, and increasing the number of volumes by 50 per cent." If Dr. Page will compare the Plutarch of 600 pages with the Apollonius Rhodius or the Apostolic Fathers, which are of about 400 each, he will see the difference between agreeably readable books and a book that fatigues the eyes by lamplight owing to the use of paper that is more than "partly" unsatisfactory. How it would increase the number of volumes by 50 per cent. to reduce the bulk one-third, is a question for a mathematician.

Mr. Heinemann admits that the adjustment of the Greek and English pages has not always been perfect, but seems to think that the reviewer's criticism is captious. If Mr. Heinemann will compare the Greek pages 260 and 262 of the second volume of Plutarch, he will see an example of the sort of thing that provoked the reviewer. Page 260 has 26 lines and is well spaced; on turning the leaf the reader has to adjust his eyes to a page crowded with 30 lines of Greek plus 2 lines of annotation. This sort of change is, to say the least, not agreeable. It might easily be avoided by printing the same number of Greek lines, 26, on page 262, transferring the note to the opposite English page, and, if necessary, leaving a white line or two between the English text and this note. A more annoying, and a frequent, error consists in spacing freely the upper lines on a Greek page and crowding the lower lines on the same page. The result is repulsive. Books with Greek and English on opposite pages have been printed before the Loeb Library was begun, and Mr. Heinemann can find volumes where the difficulties, which he much exaggerates, have been successfully dealt with.

And, finally, to Dr. Page's complaint that "the Library ought not to be severely criticised on these trivial grounds," the reviewer can only reply that he does not regard them as trivial, and that they are easily remedied. There is nothing more precious to a scholar than his eyesight. The reviewer can say, as Dr. Page says: "Mr. Loeb's effort seems to me, whether it succeed or fail, at least a noble effort, an endeavor to divert men's

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minds from things of trivial and transitory concern to things of real and enduring interest." THE REVIEWER.

THE HARPER'S SONG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Paul More's essay on the translations of the Harper's Song in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" seemed to me very illuminating. As I have a translation of Goethe's song on hand, I venture to send it to you because it might interest one or another reader of Mr. More's essay.

SONG OF THE HARPER.

Who never ate his bread in tears,
Who never through the mournful night
Sat weeping on his bed with fears,—
He knows not, heavenly powers, your might!

You plunge him into life amain,
You lead him into sin from dearth,
Then leave the poor man to his pain—
For all sin is revenged on earth.

MARGARETE MUENSTERBERG.

Cambridge, Mass., May 15.

A POEM BY LORD CREWE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As you unwittingly misrepresented one British peer in attributing to Lord Curzon the authorship of "Vœux du nouvel an, 1915," of which he was responsible only for the translation, would you care to adjust the balance by reprinting some fine verses by another peer, Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for India, which appeared recently in the *Harrovian*, the magazine of Harrow School, and were reprinted in the *Daily Chronicle*? The lines are in tribute to his son-in-law, Capt. the Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, M.P., who was killed in action last November:

Here in the marshland, past the battered bridge
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn;
School triumphs earned apace in work and play;
Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the state;
Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through this holier fate
The man's essential soul, the hero will?
We ask; and wait.

J. F. M.

London, April 29.

"ABIGAIL ADAMS AND SUFFRAGE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Possibly "T. F. C." might find something more of interest in American history if he should follow up the clue given by Edward Everett in a speech on the conservative side of the discussion in the House of Representatives, May 9, 1826, with regard to constitutional amendment. Speaking of the different qualifications for voters in various States, Mr. Everett enumerates one and another, and finally says: "The distinction of sex; even this is not a constant discrimination. In one State (New Jersey) all the inhabitants possessing fifty pounds of proclamation money may vote; and in times of high party excitement, the inhabitants have all voted, male and female, till the evil was thought so considerable that the honorable gentleman over the way (Mr. Condict), fearing the effect of this new gynecocracy, more prudently than gallantly undertook to apply a remedy; and proposed a law which took from the fairest and best part of Creation that influence at the polls which we are all willing to concede to them everywhere else. But this exclusion is only a matter of law, the Constitution remains the same; and in times of high party excitement, should they ever return, who shall tell us that sex will not again make a variety in the qualifications of voters in the different States?" E. R.

Boston, Mass., April 5.

Literature

SOLVING THE RIDDLE IN ADVANCE.

On War To-day. By Friedrich von Bernhardi. Authorized translation by Karl von Donat. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5 net.

This comprehensive and fascinating work is a curious blend of information and speculation. "The task is to solve the riddle in advance," writes Gen. Bernhardi, so we are quite justified in considering his book in the light of the present war. His prophecy that Germany and Austria might have to face a Europe in arms has been fulfilled. Such a forecast was, of course, made with cognizance of the plans of the General Staff, and is chiefly interesting as proving that the military risk which Germany has actually incurred had been deliberately calculated and accepted. Unquestionably, the calculation was made under Bernhardi's maxim, "Knowledge of the enemy's numerical strength gives us . . . some kind of safe guide for judging what we may expect he can do, if we add that knowledge to our estimation of his military qualities, weaknesses, and peculiarities." Clearly, it was this latter estimate that was at fault. The German General Staff had reckoned that France could not show constancy in adversity, that England had no effective fight left in her except on the seas. It was in statecraft that German militarism failed. So far Bernhardi was a true prophet. We may read the case clearly in his own words: "Germany can only rely on being successful if she is resolutely determined to break the superiority of her enemies by a victory over one or the other of them before their total strength can come into action." From this point of view, Germany lost the war at Liège, Diest, and Halen, rather than at the Marne. The element of time was everything, the victories in northern France, being a fortnight behind schedule, were not crushing blows, but mere preparations for the successful counter-attack on the Marne. Belgium had proved to be one of the incalculable factors of delay.

On the purely technical side, Gen. Bernhardi wins few prophetic honors. In retrospect, it seems odd that anybody could have written in 1911 about aeroplanes: "It must be left an open question whether they will prove a practical means of reconnoitring the enemy." More notable yet is the failure to forecast the trench warfare, and the statement that "artillery is no longer able to get the better of the fortifications." The prediction of extensive use of cavalry, especially as secondary shock attack, has not been justified. In screening an advance and in raiding, the German and Russian cavalry has fulfilled a classic function. In covering the retreat from Mons the British cavalry gave a brilliant exhibition of the rare defensive uses of the arm. Broadly speaking, however, in this war cavalry has simply served as mounted infantry. We read, in the opening of chapter viii, "The fire of modern arms forces us to give up all close formations in action." Yet the Germans have frequently advanced in solid columns, Mackensen at Boulinow in fairly Napoleonic columns of twenty ranks. On the other hand, Bernhardi's views on the relations of supply trains to an army's advance, supported by elaborate tables, are indirectly confirmed by the collapse of Kluck and Bülow on the Marne. By a week of marches, sometimes exceeding thirty miles a day, they brought their forces between French and Amoury, hungry, short of ammunition, and exhausted. They had asked the impossible, with quite natural results.

The greater part of Gen. Bernhardi's very brilliant discussion of new problems of command, of the function of fortresses, of tactics, and strategy, concerns the effect of masses upon operations. It is, indeed, the central military problem. Gen. Bernhardi sets his face sternly against that determinism which holds that the great masses employed in modern war make the classic strategy obsolete. It has been often said that a modern general can at best fix the place and the direction of the initial offensive, after which the war must run almost an automatic course. Against this view Gen. Bernhardi maintains that the possibilities of strategy have merely been modified. Masses make the problem of high command very difficult, but a genius will still be able to employ the classic strategy. The actual war seems to confirm Bernhardi's view in the eastern campaign, and on the whole to confute it in the western campaign. Hindenburg and the Grand Duke Nicholas have shown a Bernhardian abhorrence of the fortress trench and the consequent deadlock, preferring considerable retreats, which leave the operations loose, to digging themselves in. The early stage of the western campaign, the concentration of the six German armies on Paris, was again in conformity with Bernhardi's maxims. But the operation proved impracticable. It broke down when the Crown Prince and the Prince of Bavaria parted company about impregnable Verdun, it failed equally when Kluck and Bülow reached the Marne, not only exhausted but unsupported.

Even an analysis of the eastern operations goes far to comfort the determinists. Making all allowances for the personal enterprise of the Grand Duke and of Hindenburg, it seems as if the open character of

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their campaign may have been largely determined by the terrain. It has been a question both in Poland and East Prussia of quick advances and retreats across wide, swampy regions where trench operations were impracticable. In short, the eastern operations have perhaps been more automatic than they seem. When one considers that surprises, on any scale, are no longer possible, when one analyzes the actual fighting in the Carpathians and on the line from Furnes to Mülhausen, one cannot repress the conviction that strategy, in the classic sense, is indeed obsolete, its place being taken by new and ingenious tactics for piecemeal destruction. Against Bernhardi we are forced to believe that the general of to-day is no longer a strategist, but merely a supertactician. Grant in the Wilderness, not Frederick at Rossbach, seems the spiritual ancestor of Joffre and French, of Heeringen and Hindenburg.

It would be a pleasure to follow the author's estimate of the relative advantages of the defensive and the aggressive in mass warfare with modern arms. The discussion is defective from failure to foresee the lavish employment of artillery. In fact, the problem has passed from the infantry to the artillery. The old concept of offensive and defensive has been merged into that of the duel. In trench warfare the infantry merely "consolidate" the gains made by concentrated cannon-fire. Moreover, Gen. Bernhardi, who shares the Teutonic idolatry of the offensive, nowhere seriously considers the tactical value of rearguard action. As a matter of fact, almost all the disadvantages of the inert defensive are in rear-guard action converted into advantages, while the disadvantages very largely pass to the attacker. Theoretically, an army that could indefinitely maintain its morale in rearguard action should always win. Its problems of supply are always lessening, it can more or less direct the point and direction of attack, its batteries fire on fixed ranges, while changing their positions at will. Practically, the scope of such operations is limited by the disheartening effect upon the troops and by the political effects of surrendering too much territory. Still, it must be regarded as a defect in Gen. Bernhardi's speculations that he never imagined such an operation as the strategic retreat from the Mons-Maubeuge line to the Marne. To be victorious in such a pursuit of such an enemy is to court certain disaster.

On the whole, the reading of Gen. Bernhardi's brilliant and vigorous pages suggests that the moral factors of war may, after all, be the most calculable and the best worth reckoning. Technical forecasts are evidently most fallible. As clever a man as our author failed to see what the aeroplane meant, at the very moment when the Wrights were being besought as teachers by many European armies. In short, if Gen. Bernhardi had substituted for his very interesting discussion of attack and defence, fortresses, and cavalry, an accurate estimate of the moral regeneration of new France and of the military potentiality of England, such information would not merely have been more trustworthy, but actually much more to the purpose of the German General Staff.

Gen. Bernhardi has made an interesting and valiant attempt to carry the art of warfare into the field of general psychology and policy. In so far as he has made a brilliant and suggestive book, he has succeeded. He has not managed, however, wholly to free himself from the specialist's myopia. He is conscious of the larger decisive values, but not to the extent of taking the pains to ascertain them. Pretty much everything comes down to the right estimate of the enemy's resources. Without it the most accurate estimate of one's own resources is futile. The chief lesson of Gen. Bernhardi's book is that it is possible to take too military a view of problems of war which ultimately touch diplomacy, national psychology, and general morals. Even more, a right balancing of the gains and losses from any war is necessary. This is at all times difficult, and no professional soldier is capable of making the estimate fairly.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Little Man, and Other Satires. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The series called "Studies in Extravagance" constitutes the major portion of this volume—a series reminiscent of the sketches collected into "In Motley," but distinctly more bitter in tone. "Studies in Hypocrisy" were a better title for most. The critic is described with acute psychological analysis; the plain man, the artist, the housewife, "the latest thing," "the perfect one," the preceptor, and the writer. The last-named is an especially striking picture of morbid self-consciousness, introspection, and ingrained inclination to pose. The writer began his day, Galsworthy tells us, thinking as he went downstairs: "Oh, hang it! This infernal post is taking up all my time!" "And as he neared the breakfast-room, he would quicken his pace; seeing a large pile of letters on the table, he would say automatically, 'Curse!' and his eyes would brighten. If—as seldom happened—there were not a green-colored wrapper enclosing mentions of him in the press, he would murmur, 'Thank God!' and his face would fall." Next to hypocrisy, it is, perhaps, the quality of moral pettiness that engages the author, and where there is little of positive evil it is this upon which he seizes. The entire series of portraits strikes the normal reader as a presentation in a filigree-work of the worst sort of pessimism—the pessimism that searches out the admitted evils of human nature and magnifies them to fill the entire field of vision. Galsworthy's use of the word "extravagance" does not prevent him from viewing his perverted creations as in great degree typical of their classes. The other sketches in the volume are that more robust excoriation of the complacently well-to-do for their indifference to the sufferings of the lower classes, which we have come to associate with Galsworthy's name, or are whimsical treatments of everyday incidents, satirical but not cuttingly sharp. The artistry of the sketches is everywhere admirable, but the final impression is of a precious and anæmic carping at human nature.

The Winning of Lucia. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A romance by a writer of Mrs. Barr's advanced age is in itself remarkable; but on other grounds than that which gave Father William distinction, the present story has little merit. It possesses a heroine of beauty so transcendent that we are never permitted to hear the last of it; a more or less wicked lord, whom luckily she does not quite marry; a more obscure lover who comes into his own after a proper amount of neglect and suffering; an old nurse of aphoristic turn, and a plot not without ingenuity, but, alas, without the interest which some measure of probability confers. The sentimentality of the writer's earlier stories is exaggerated, and the tags of rhyme scattered through the pages are of the most hackneyed sort. The novel will have to find its readers for the sake of a book or two like "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," with which, not undeservedly, Mrs. Barr found her way to a large audience.

Fifty-one Tales. By Lord Dunsany. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The author of "The Book of Wonder" and "Time and the Gods" has here forsaken the weirdly non-existent lands in which he set his satirical and philosophical fairy-tales, and in large part has chosen the everyday world about us as background for a number of bitter thumb-nail sketches. The hostility to religion and to material civilization is made more directly evident. We have Death gloating over the last passenger he carries to Charon to be ferried across the Styx; Time reassuring Nature, in her complaints that London and other metropolises still troubled the earth, that he had thrown down Babylon and Nineveh, Persepolis and Tarshish and Tyre, and that the fields would again come back and the grass for her children; an angel building an extension to Hell for the inventors of a cheap new yeast, and telling his interlocutor that he would never rest, for—stopping one Christmas Day—he had seen little children dying of cancer. With these are mingled little narratives of less symbolical cast, as the dialogue in which the Devil tells the Puritan that he is evil's best servant, for "friend, friend, you do not know what a detestable thing it is to sit in hell and hear people being happy, and singing in theatres and singing in the fields, and whispering after dances under the moon"; or that in which the demi-monde and the demagogue apply together for admission into heaven, the former being admitted while the latter is told that "we genuinely regret that the limited space at our disposal and our unfortunate lack of

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interest in those questions that you have gone so far to inculcate and have upheld so nobly in the past prevent us from giving you the support for which you seek." The only bits of non-pessimistic gospel in the book are in reassertions of the author's faith in nature and in the immortality of art. The fantastic outlines of the stories and the poetical language in which they are clothed are not a sufficient sugar-coating of the philosophy to make it possible to read many consecutively without revulsion.

The Grell Mystery. By Frank Froest. New York: Edward J. Clode.

When a man disappears on his wedding eve, when he later is found murdered, and when it is discovered that the corpse is not his after all, though it is reposing in his bedroom, one has the foundation for a very pretty tangle. All this, and more, happens in "The Grell Mystery." The author has displayed much ingenuity in the workings of the plot, though some of his conclusions are a trifle far-fetched. Scotland Yard, the source of more and better stories of mystery than have ever found their way into print, appears to good advantage. There is, as usual, a very wonderful inspector, who finally unsnarls the skein, and a young peeress who is described as the "most beautiful woman in three kingdoms," adds pleasantly to the excitement. One of the chief difficulties in a tale of this kind is to strike the proper pitch of intensity and to hold it from start to finish. Mr. Froest has come nearer to doing this than most of those who deal in the same wares.

Lovers in Exile. By Baroness von Heyking. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This narrative is "adapted by the author from her original German novel, 'Ille Mihi.'" Whether the original title was abandoned lest the English reader take it for German, or merely in favor of one more luring to the many, the change is not a happy one. This is a tale of divorce and its consequences in German official society. The girl Ilse has been married to a stupid, middle-aged provincial, a "von," bound up in pride of a family which has really achieved nothing but a prolonged mediocrity. She becomes a cog in the machine. Her failure to produce an heir increases the difficulty of her place. There comes a young diplomat, with whom, by degrees, she shares a real passion of the higher sort. He is a man of great promise; they are a high-souled and high-spirited pair. But the influence of her husband's family brings about the lover's exile while yet his love is undeclared. When, after the necessary legal release, she follows him as his wife, their joint martyrdom begins. No service of his, however distinguished, thereafter receives recognition. Without being openly in disgrace, they are transferred from one undesirable post to another, and, finally, by a piece of administrative juggling, at the moment and in the place where he is the one person fitted to serve his country, he is recalled and virtually laid on the shelf. All this is the result of personal malice and family pride, plus official short-sight. The husband and wife are at last driven to the borders of insanity, from which they withdraw to take up a broken and purposeless life as exiles from the fatherland. It is not only a moving story, but a pretty frank arraignment of bureaucratic methods, and more particularly of German carelessness and lack of judgment in the field of colonial diplomacy.

The Taming of Amorette. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

With Geoffrey Girard, marrying a wife was only the first step in winning her. For the woman he married, somewhat against what she thought was her will, was Amorette Carruthers, who had a reputation for inconstancy. Geoffrey's plan had the simplicity and the boldness that characterize works of genius. He provided opportunities for Amorette to meet her old lovers one after another under circumstances of the utmost freedom. The plan worked to perfection, for she found that she no longer cared for any of them. Here lies a weakness, for it is a bit hard for a reader to think of Amorette as the flirt she is represented as having been. Her devotion to Geoffrey is all that could be asked. The story is saved from an effect of monotony that a reader begins to fear as one after another of these former lovers are presented, by a sudden complexity of plot that introduces the element of suspense. Amorette, to all appearances, deserts Geoffrey for another. This does not disturb the husband, however, whose cleverness never leaves him, and the climax of the adventure is as comic as tragic. This is not a book for solemn analysis, but may be read for entertainment with a fair assurance of success.

FRESH LIGHT ON THE MYTHS AND EARLIEST TRADITIONS OF BABYLONIA.

Historical and Grammatical Texts. (Publications of the Babylonian Section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.) By Arno Poebel. Three volumes. Philadelphia. $17.

These texts from the mounds of Nippur, where, as is well known, the University of Pennsylvania conducted excavations, form a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the ancient Sumerian language, to the myths and traditions of the Babylonians, and, thirdly, to our knowledge of early Babylonian history. Indeed, it is not too much to say that these three volumes of Dr. Poebel represent the most important contributions that have appeared in many a year in the field of Assyriology. A large proportion of the texts form part of a collection of school texts used in connection with the training of the young aspirants to the priesthood, the school itself, as throughout all periods of Babylonian and Assyrian history, forming an adjunct to the temple proper.

This applies more particularly to an exceedingly important group of tablets which are included in Dr. Poebel's publication, and which turn out to be elaborate paradigms giving in double columns the forms of Sumerian pronouns, the combinations of nouns with suffixes and prepositions, and the conjugations of the verbs, together with all kinds of grammatical phrases, with a translation into the Semitic or Akkadian tongue added in the second column. Some specimens of such paradigms had previously been known, but here we have, for the first time, an extensive publication which clears up hundreds of hitherto obscure points in Sumerian grammar. A point of general interest, which may be mentioned here, is the discovery by Dr. Poebel of the very curious order of words in the case of a preposition and a noun to which one or more adjectives or other modifying elements are added. The order in Sumerian is precisely the reverse of the ordinary one in English. Thus, instead of saying "to the great palace," the Sumerian puts the order, "palace great to"; and similarly, "to the great palace of the mighty king of Ur" would, in Sumerian, be "Ur king mighty palace great to."

Of greater general interest are the versions of a creation and deluge tale which Dr. Poebel was fortunate enough to discover among the tablets of the University Museum.

The significant feature of these new versions is the circumstance that the text is written in Sumerian, the old non-Semitic language of the Euphrates Valley, brought there by the Sumerian conquerors of the land at a period which still lies beyond our ken. It was suspected that the various versions of traditions of the creation and deluge, known to us for some time past in the Semitic speech of Babylonia, reverted to a Sumerian original. The proof for this is furnished by the new text, which thus represents the oldest form of the two tales, and, therefore, also, the oldest written myths of the creation and deluge in the world.

A second feature of the new texts is that the creation and deluge are related as a continuous story on the same tablet, whereas, hitherto, the Babylonian account of the deluge (the compilation of two versions) was known to us from its incorporation into the great Babylonian epic which recounts the adventures of Gilgamesh—the prototype of the Greek Hercules. Here, for the first time, we have the story of a great flood that overwhelmed mankind, told as a continuation of the account of the creation of the world, precisely, therefore, as in the Old Testament.

According to this most ancient version, the work of creation seems to have been parcelled out among a number of the chief deities, and it is interesting to note that at this early period we have already the conventional three-fold division of the universe among the three deities: Anu (Heaven), Enlil (Earth and the atmosphere above the earth), and Enki (Water), together with a personification of the female elements as Mother Earth and as the loving protector of

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the human race. This goddess, whose prominence is a feature of the new text, was known as Nintu, or by the epithet, "Lady of the Mountain."

The hero of the Deluge, according to the new text, bears the Sumerian name of Ziugiddu, which, signifying "the one whose life has been lengthened," is to be identified with the later Babylonian or Akkadian form of the hero's name, Ut-Napishtim. Ziugiddu is pictured as a pious king who had his seat probably in Shuruppak. The identification of this place with the mound Fara, at which the German expedition to Babylonia conducted excavations for a short period, is now certain. That Ziugiddu should be described as "daily and perseveringly standing in attendance" before the gods is to be especially noted because of the similarity with the Biblical Noah, who is described as pious, and because in the later Babylonian versions this trait is conspicuous by its absence.

No less important are a series of texts embodying lists of Babylonian rulers that take us back to the mythical age of which there are traces also in the early chapters of Genesis in connection with the long lives assigned to antediluvian patriarchs. Dr. Poebel has now found similar traditions prevailing in ancient Babylonia, for the rulers of the first two dynasties enumerated in his list contain extravagant reigns of individuals from 100 up to 1,200 years. The names appearing as early rulers likewise point to the mythical character of those traditions, for we find, among others, the hero of the Babylonian epic, Gilgamesh, among them, whose father is recorded as having ruled 126 (or 186) years; and another name is that of Etana, a purely mythical personage, of whom a story is told of a flight to heaven on the back of an eagle, resulting in a fatal fall. Included in the series of tablets is one which furnishes summaries of the various dynasties, giving us such enormously high figures as fifty-one kings ruling for 18,000 years and more, and twenty-two kings ruling over 2,600 years. The interest in these texts and their value lies in the confirmation which they furnish to the extravagantly high figures for early Babylonian dynasties embodied in fragments from Berosus, a Chaldean priest, who, a contemporary of Alexander, wrote a history of Babylonia, which is unfortunately lost, but of which some lists and some extracts occur in portions of Eusebius and in other writers. The figures, to be sure, given by Berosus, with a total for ten kings ruling for 432,000 years, are still more extravagant than those in the new tablets; but, on the other hand, there is a striking agreement between the total given of 33,091 years for eighty-six kings after the deluge, according to Berosus, and 32,243 years for 139 kings according to the new texts. It would seem, therefore, that Dr. Poebel has been fortunate enough to discover one of the sources which Berosus must have embodied in his chronological lists; and it now is more evident than ever that the Biblical traditions of the antediluvian patriarchs, as given in the fifth chapter of Genesis, and probably also the names of these mythical patriarchs, represent a direct transfer of Babylonian traditions.

The more definite historical material, of which there is an abundance in Dr. Poebel's volume of texts, is no less remarkable. Especially important is a series of historical inscriptions covering records of Sargon and his successors which themselves represent copies made by some scribe from dedicatory inscriptions on statues of early Babylonian rulers. It is the first time that we have come across "edited" material of this special character, which would seem to point to a considerable historical interest in the ancient schools of Babylonia, for it is presumably for school purposes that the inscriptions were collected and compiled. A large number of details in regard to the exploits of such rulers as Sargon and Rimush are furnished to us in this way, and we are even told in detail of the great number of men involved in various battles that took place four thousand years ago. Thus, in one battle, which will give us an idea of the extent of early armies, Rimush, King of Kish, tells us that he slew 12,650 men and took 5,864 as prisoners. Dr. Poebel also includes in his volume a large fragment discovered by him among the tablets of the University Museum of portions of the famous Code of Hammurapi, written on clay and evidently contemporaneous with its promulgation about 2250 B. C. Hitherto the Code was known to us from the large diorite stele, about eight feet high, found at Susa in 1900, whither it had been carried as a trophy from Babylonia by Elamitic conquerors of the eleventh century.

A word should be said in conclusion in regard to Dr. Poebel's copies of the 156 texts which form a volume by themselves, and to which he has added forty photographic plates for the most important of them. The great care bestowed by Dr. Poebel on this portion of his work is seen particularly in his copies of Sumerian paradigms, which are neatly and very clearly made. His copy of the large fragment of the Code of Hammurapi may also be called, on the whole, satisfactory, although the characters might have been larger; but when we come to many of his historical texts, and more particularly to the Sumerian myths and to the lists of kings, we cannot refrain from a feeling of disappointment that Dr. Poebel should have made the task of the scholar unnecessarily difficult. In his desire to reproduce exactly what he saw on the tablets, he has allowed the writing to become so small and so crowded as to be most trying on the eyes. Scholars have a right to expect of an editor of cuneiform texts that he will also suggest by his copy of a sign the interpretation which he desires to put upon it. By the reproduction of every minute peculiarity of each individual scribe, confusion is created, and one often has the feeling that it would be easier to read the original tablet than Dr. Poebel's copies. A serious lack also in the volume of texts is an index giving details in regard to size and place where the texts were found, together with such other general indications as have invariably been attached to the other volumes of the Babylonian series published by the University Museum.

It is only proper to add that the publication of these splendid three volumes has been made possible through the generosity of Mr. Eckley B. Coxe, jr., president of the Museum of Archæology, who has, during the past ten years and more, placed at the disposal of the University the funds needed for the volumes of the series, of which up to the present about twenty have been issued.

PITY FOR THE HOMELY VIRTUES.

Fear and Conventionality. By Elsie Clews Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The degree of courage required in one who would disregard the conventionalities of every-day life indicates clearly that their persistence is largely due to fear of the consequences of such disregard; and the observation of this close relationship between fear and conventionalities not unnaturally suggests that we may look to the former for the origin of the latter. A case might, indeed, be made out in favor of such an origin in a goodly number of instances, were we in possession of sufficiently accurate data to enable us to study the problem adequately; but as matters stand such derivations can at best be little more than conjectural, even when we deal with fear in the broadest sense, and they become much less convincing if we attempt to trace these origins to fear of any special type, as Mrs. Parsons does in the book before us; her thesis being (p. xv) that "change is a part of the state of fear man has ever lived in, but out of which he has begun to escape. Civilization might be defined indeed as the steps in his escape. What he now calls conventionality is that part of his system of protection against change he has begun to examine and, his fear lessening, even to forego."

To this fear of change our author traces a number of well-recognized conventions; such, for instance, as those of family life (p. 158), of marriage (p. 147), and of opposition to divorce (p. 138), explaining the conventions of acquaintanceship (p. 90) and of entertaining (p. 107) as devices to encourage "gregariousness safeguarded against personal relationship," which is a source of fear of change. She does not, however, cling strictly to this thesis in her actual exposition; for she asks us to look to the avoidance of immediate fears for the origin of a number of conventions, as where she indicates that one of the bases of the marriage convention is found in the fact that "it eliminates the extraordinary fears with which passionate contact with another personality is beset" (p. 153); and again where she suggests (p. xiii) that by taking a man's arm in going out to dinner the woman raises "an imperceptible kind of

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barrier between herself and her escort, a barrier covertly soothing to the sense of disquiet the difference in sex arouses." Again she would have us believe that fears, not of change, but of unlike for unlike, account for a large part of the conventions of the relations between the sexes (p. 135), of hospitality (p. 43), and of many of the commonplace suggestions of regard of friend for friend which on their face appear to be based upon sympathy and love rather than upon fear or any of its derivatives.

It may be true, as we have above agreed, that certain early forms of convention were actually adopted as the result of fear; but it is difficult to believe that we have in this primal emotion so complete an explanation of conventions as a whole as our author would suggest. For instance, the savage's suspicion of strangers, of which she makes so much, is surely more often based upon a hostile attitude involving anger than it is upon fear; and in any case taken for study it will usually appear that the impulses arising from these primal emotions are merely elements in a highly complex impulsive whole.

Advance in any science results from a well-balanced combination of judicious observation and constructive imagination. The mere gathering and grouping of facts is of little avail unless they are found useful as tests of an hypothesis; and an hypothesis in turn is valueless unless it is shown to aid in the correlation of observed facts. But the imaginative student is naturally urged to the invention of hypotheses, and as naturally tends to emphasize the import of those observed facts that appear to support these hypotheses; it requires a singularly well-trained mind to resist the temptation to overlook, or at least minimize, those which fail to give this support. This temptation is peculiarly powerful when one deals with genetic problems in general, and especially where these relate to the complex activities of man; as we see constantly exemplified in the work of the archæologist and ethnologist, for instance; but most markedly in that of students of sociology, among whom our author numbers herself.

Mrs. Parsons has indeed displayed no unwillingness to undertake the laborious task involved in the attempt to gain acquaintance with the observed facts relating to the subject discussed; on the contrary, she gives evidence of an unusual industry in the collection and grouping of these facts. Nevertheless, it is clear that she is too ready to take all records of supposed fact at their face value, and that the fascinations of the theory she has invented have induced her in not a few cases to step altogether beyond the bounds of probability. Thus she suggests a number of derivations that are altogether unconvincing, as in some of the cases above cited, and again where she traces to the savage's suspicion of strangers the avoidance by the guest of actions that disturb the habits of his host, and the equally natural effort by the host to accommodate himself to the habits of his guest. And she is led again to make not a few comparisons between the customs of the civilized man and those of the savage that are utterly unwarranted, as, for example, where she compares the Blackfellow, who calls for the "totem" word from the stranger, with our governmental official, who demands of the alien immigrant whether he is a Mormon or an anarchist (p. 50), and sees a common basis of motive in the savage who lends his wife to his male guest and in the modern "society man who sometimes feels it incumbent upon him not to join the circle of his wife's callers at tea time" (p. 36).

In a work intended for perusal by the general public there is surely no excuse for the mention of indelicate details concerning sexual relations, unless they are clearly necessary to the support of the writer's theoretical contentions, as is certainly not the case in the argument presented on p. 151, and in many other instances that might be cited.

Those who, with our author, look upon conventionalities as a serious obstruction to man's advance in civilization are all too apt to forget that, however they may have had their origin, their maintenance has almost certainly been determined by racial values which we cannot too readily assume have lost their force to-day. The author hopes that the non-conventional life may in the end develop, largely as the result of the passing of social control from the elders into younger hands (p. 206); but the picture of it given in her final chapter, although too vague in outline to warrant serious criticism, is certainly not enticing, leaving room apparently for few of the homely virtues, save that of pity for all those who still remain bound by what will then remain of the chains of conventionality.

A SPECIAL PLEA FOR CARRANZA.

Carranza and Mexico. By Carlo de Fornaro. (With chapters by Col. I. C. Enriquez, Charles Ferguson, and M. C. Rolland.) New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

"Carranza and Mexico" is the work of a caricaturist of undoubted ability. His work has won wide approval in this country, but it is to be doubted whether his literary ventures will achieve the same success. Evidently, Mr. Fornaro expects his readers to take him seriously in this book, but the exaggeration of style and substance permissible in newspaper caricatures is not suited to political discussions of the sort he here undertakes. The author, however, has an advantage over many writers in that he is thoroughly familiar with conditions in Mexico. He first gained prominence as the editor of a radical newspaper in Mexico City, and after being sentenced to imprisonment, he escaped to the United States, where he has been a most vigorous agitator in Mexican interests.

Some time ago, "The Case of Mexico," by R. de Zayas Enriquez, was reviewed in the *Nation*. Mr. Fornaro's book takes exactly the opposite position, and is in fact a special plea for Carranza, as against Villa, Huerta, Zapata, or any of the other pretenders to power in Mexico. Believing that President Wilson's policy has been one of sympathy for Carranza, Mr. Fornaro accordingly dedicates his book "To President Woodrow Wilson, who discovered real Mexico to the Americans."

One of the greatest difficulties that any student or writer who deals with Mexico has to face is the irrational but ceaseless change of the chief actors in the play, and, worst of all, even of the plot. Yet this is the least of the troubles which Mr. Fornaro felt in unburdening himself of the following inspired strains in the first chapter:

DON VENUSTIANO CARRANZA!

Who is this man, practically unknown to the American public a year and a half ago, who, with the help of the Mexican Constitutionalists, overthrew the most cynical, murderous, grafting, and powerful military dictatorship that ever existed in Mexico?

Concentration of power in Mexico City, the support of the foreigners, of the church, the bankers, and land-owners, the militarists, of foreign bankers and most foreign nations, with the exception of the United States Government, were at the disposal of General Huerta and his régime, but Carranza and the Constitutionalists eliminated this nefarious rule after eighteen months of unbroken victories, sweeping finally into Mexico City in a peaceful, orderly manner.

The American public is beginning to realize that such a thorough victory could never have been achieved without a popular movement, directed by a fearless, statesmanlike chief.

A lack of coherence, to say the least, is to be found on page 14, where Mr. Fornaro, after explaining that, in the usual course of events, Carranza should have been locked up in the penitentiary, or have mysteriously disappeared, because of his opposition to Diaz, states that:

What saved Carranza from either of these fates, was the publicity given to this incident in the American press, especially a letter of protest against the meeting which was to take place in El Paso between General Diaz and President Taft.

Mr. Fornaro then quotes a paragraph from this letter, indicating in a footnote that the "full text of the letter will be found in Index." On page 231 of the Appendix we find reprinted from the *Evening World* of September 3, 1909, a letter "to the President of the United States," signed by Carlo de Fornaro! Having thus certified ourselves that the letter was written, not by Carranza but by Mr. Fornaro, and that the First Chief's life was preserved to the cause of Mexican independence by the author's aid, we learn that

The slogan of the Madero revolution was "Effective suffrage and no reëlection," and not, as many Americans believe, "the land question."

Mr. Fornaro gives the Plan of Guadalupe, and says that sixty-four officers of the state

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troops signed it. His criterion of fame is somewhat surprising:

Among the most famous on the list were Lieut.-Col. Lucio Blanco, who fought in Tamaulipas and initiated the sale of lands belonging to Felix Diaz, among Constitutionalist soldiers, and Major J. B. Trevino.

As he dilates on the excellences of the First Chief, Mr. Fornaro picturesquely remarks:

Carranza is more subtle if not sufficiently romantic. The careful observer must read between the lines, when the personality grows on one, like the taste for olives or the magnitude of the Chief Magistrate in Washington.

The second chapter, on Conditions in Mexico during Diaz's Régime, details scandals of bribery and corruption, and mentions Mr. Creelman's interview, with the account of a conversation between Ireneo Paz and Gen. Diaz, in which the President told how this "fulsome life" was fabricated. Further on, the author quotes a letter from a man who passed a night in Belem Prison in Mexico City. The presence in the book of this minute and long-drawn account of the prison's loathsome foulness is absolutely inexcusable. Perhaps the most daring of the muck-raking accusations in "Carranza and Mexico" is the following:

Not only were Mexicans persecuted in their own country, but when Mexican liberals fled across the border into the United States, thinking that they could tell the truth and publish it in the American press, they were persecuted and imprisoned through the orders of the Mexican Ambassador in Washington to the Attorney-Generals under Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. Some of the liberals were even kidnapped across the Mexican border and sent to rot in the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa in Vera Cruz.

He returns to the attack in his chapter dealing with the Madero revolution, and asserts that

Twice the Taft régime attempted or threatened an invasion of Mexico, and once they almost succeeded. The failure was due to the exposé of the little plot which resulted in the resignation of Dickinson, then Secretary of War.

It must be remembered that the Attorney-General under Taft was a lawyer who had been a personal representative of Diaz in the United States, and among some of the lawyers who had been his partners was a brother of the President of the United States. All were interested in Mexico financially and politically.

There follow various other chapters, consisting largely of scandal, except for some partially coherent ones which relate the several campaigns of the Constitutionalist forces. The chapters contributed by persons other than Mr. Fornaro are for the most part negligible.

One of the few sound and plausible statements in the book is to be found in Mr. Fornaro's discussion of the land question:

There may be 140,000 or 150,000 men under arms in Mexico, but what is that in comparison to the 15,000,000 people who continue to live without fighting, who have to be fed, clothed, and even amused? The longer the revolution lasts the happier will be the lot of the average peons, for every added day will decrease the chances of the reactionary landowners to come back and through legal means deprive the Indian of this land.

Mr. Fornaro's praise of President Wilson is loud and long:

President Wilson has more admirers in Mexico and South America than any other President or statesman in the whole history of the United States has ever had, not even excepting the martyr President Lincoln, or Washington.

It is difficult to see how this work will help either Mr. Fornaro's own reputation or the Constitutionalist cause. He would certainly have done well to consult competent authority before compiling his "Glossary of Spanish Words," which concludes the volume. The accuracy of the whole may, perhaps, be inferred from a charming specimen of folk-etymology used as a comment on the word Don:

Title of courtesy given to people of the better class. Formerly in Spain, when addressing a person of aristocratic lineage, it was customary to write before the name, De origen noble (of noble origin). It was afterwards abbreviated to D. O. N.

Notes

Duffield & Co. will publish shortly an English translation of Gen. Joffre's book, "My March to Timbuctoo," with an introductory sketch by Ernest Dimnet.

Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication on Saturday "Sundown Slim," by Henry Herbert Knibbs.

"The New World," by Witter Bynner, is announced for publication next month by Mitchell Kennerley. The same firm will also publish shortly "Waiting," by Gerald O'Donovan.

Paul Elder & Company announce for early publication "The Art and Ethics of Dress," by Evan Olney Farnsworth, and "Nature and Science on the Pacific Coast," edited under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Harvard University Press announces that it has been found necessary to discontinue the publication of the *Harvard Architectural Quarterly*, two complete volumes of which have been issued. To those whose subscriptions are still in force the amount due them for undelivered numbers will be returned. No title-pages or tables of contents for the volumes issued have been prepared.

We are requested to announce that *Le Muséon*, published by the University of Louvain, is now published through the courtesy of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, England, and the American agency for the publication has been undertaken by the University of Chicago Press. Over two hundred pages of material for the third and fourth numbers of *Le Muséon* for 1914 are supposed to have been lost in the fire which destroyed the offices of the Belgian publisher in the early days of August: and one of the collaborators on the last number of the journal was taken prisoner in the war and died in a hospital. Supporters of Oriental studies will be glad to know that the first issue of this journal for 1915 will soon be published, with contributions from many well-known Continental and English scholars. Inquiries and subscriptions may be sent to the University of Chicago Press.

We are requested to announce that, in the interests of historical study in the future, M. Richard Cantinelli, Librarian of the City of Lyons, is endeavoring to get together a complete collection of publications relating to the war, and invites the coöperation of American publishers. The Library of the City of Lyons is prepared to defray all costs of transport, and M. Cantinelli has signified his desire, when the collection shall have been completed, to offer any duplicates to some American library. Publications should be addressed to: Bibliothèque de la ville de Lyon, Lyon, France.

Canon Widdicombe's "Memories and Musings" (Dutton; $4 net) falls into three sections. The first deals with the religious unrest and awakening in the fifties, when the Anglican Church was shaking off the blight of Puritanism and Erastianism; with the days when the author himself, as yet unordained, fought the mob at St. George's-in-the-East as one of "Bryan King's bulldogs"; with his emigration to South Africa in 1860, where, after his ordination at Georgetown, and some years devoted to regular pastoral duties, he settled down as director of the Thlotse mission in Basutoland, a position which he held till his resignation in 1906. Such is the first section of the book with its rather narrow appeal. The second comes as a distinct surprise, and, to the layman, a pleasant one, consisting in a consideration of the Boer War, its causes, its conduct, and its results. The author is neither a statesman nor a strategist; we may suggest with due diffidence that he is not a great theologian. It is when he talks theology that we like him least; on the contrary, when chatting of the great struggle, as an interested observer on the spot, he is at his very best. Starting from the "native"—or what we should call the "color"—question, and the difference between the attitude towards the African of the English settlers of Cape Colony, on the one hand, and that of the Dutch in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, on the other, he points to the conflicting ideals of the two parties as the *fons et origo mali*. The southern ideal he states as: "Equal rights for all"; the northern as: "Africa for the Africander." The Dutch began by denying all political and social rights to the "nigger" and ended by assuming a somewhat similar position towards the *uitlander*. With such diverging ideals the clash was bound to come, and was merely precipitated by the political differences which culminated in the Jameson raid. Perhaps the pages on the "color" question are the most interesting in the book. The negroes were all on the side of the British, and their magnificent self-restraint in forbearing, in obedience to British orders, to wreak themselves on their old-time oppressors may well excite both wonder and admiration. The Canon himself lived peacefully through the war in his Thlotse mission, which was left unmolested solely because the Basuto warriors, held in leash by England, asked noth-

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ing better than to hurl themselves on any commandoes that might venture to cross their frontier. The utter fatuity of the "color line" is strikingly illustrated by some rather tentative excursions in that direction under the present régime. Rhodes, we are told, was the one man who realized the German peril—the book was written before the present unpleasantness. When the British Government was asleep, he was awake, and if he bribed the Irish party in order to obtain the Royal Charter which opened the way for the settlement of the magnificent territory of Rhodesia, it was regrettable—but it was part of the game. The last hundred pages or so are devoted to a not uninteresting sermon on church unity—which may or may not be desirable. We could wish that the irritating misprint of "American" church for "Armenian," which occurs more than once, had not slipped in—it is always difficult to understand how proofreaders come to share the fallibility of other human beings.

The translation of "Bartolus on the Conflict of Laws," by Joseph Henry Beale (Harvard University Press; $1), is entitled to a hearty welcome. Professor Beale disclaims any special qualification for the translator's task, but his eminence in this branch of jurisprudence renders his publication of Bartolus's commentaries particularly felicitous, on the six hundredth anniversary of the master's birth. It is a small book, containing but eighty-six pages of less than two hundred words each. In this respect it presents a striking contrast to modern treatises on the Conflict of Laws. And yet this tiny volume is entitled to rank as "the first standard statement of the doctrines" on this topic. It is appropriately inscribed to "The University of Perugia, where the seed of legal knowledge was sown in the mind of Bartolus, and brought forth fruit an hundred-fold." A very brief biography, consisting of extracts from Savigny's "History of Roman Law," forms a part of the Introduction, in which Professor Beale gives his estimate of Bartolus. If the reader wishes to know more of this "imposing figure among the lawyers of the Middle Ages," he may consult Sir William Rattigan's sketch in "The Great Jurists of the World" (see the *Nation*, Vol. 99, p. 105). An Appendix contains a translation of those parts of Justinian's Digest and Code, as well as of Decretals and of extracts from the Speculum Juris, which are referred to in the text. With its fine textured paper, its prodigal margins and its open type, it is a fitting companion volume to the translator's sumptuous "Cases on the Conflict of Laws."

Using a rambling style, and in the main the form of a diary, Mr. James Sibree gives us, in "A Naturalist in Madagascar (Lippincott; $3.50 net), an excellent idea of the human inhabitants, the fauna, and the flora of this great island. The great gift of virile condensation is not here, but as a straightforward record of the author's observations the book is interesting. Two things give the work lasting value: the account of the monthly changes in nature throughout a Madagascan year and the comments on the lives and superstitions of the natives. The first includes data of great importance, and shows what might be accomplished by a trained observer. Phenomena in all departments of science and evolutionary study will become clearer when we have more intensive observation in the tropics during a prolonged stay in one spot. The photographs of the natives and the descriptions of their ways of life and mental outlook are admirable. For example, the set phrases in use by the Malagasy to indicate the time from midnight to midnight appear to be unique. Abridged and translated, they are as follows: The halving of night, frog croaking, cock crowing, morning also night, crow cawing, bright horizon, glimmer of day, color of cattle visible, dusk, diligent people awake, early morning, sunrise, broad daylight, cattle go out, leaves dry, day over the purlin, over the roof ridge (noon), day less one step, slipping of the day, day at the rice-pounding place, at the house post, at the place of tying calf, cows come home, sun touching, sun dead, fowls come in, twilight, edge of rice-pan obscured, cooking rice time, eating, all in bed, and centre of night.

Prof. Robert M. McElroy's "The Winning of the Far West" (Putnam; $2.50), avowedly a continuation of Mr. Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," deals with the annexation of Texas, the acquisition of territory from Mexico, the occupation of Oregon, and the purchase of Alaska. The book has several excellences. For one thing, it is attractively written, the accounts of military operations in the Mexican War being especially lively, and combining, in an unusual degree, attention to details and a view of the operations as a whole. For the Texas episode, Professor McElroy has used the manuscripts of Jackson, chiefly the Lenox collection, and shows the interesting and important part which Jackson played in bringing on annexation. Polk's attitude towards Mexico is also carefully studied. Whatever one may think of the author's apparent acceptance of "manifest destiny," it must be admitted that the view of the Mexican War as an act of deliberate aggression on the part of the United States, done mainly with a view to extending and strengthening slavery, becomes less and less tenable the more the history of the war is studied. The limitation of Professor McElroy's volume, so far as fulfilling the promise of its title is concerned, is its predominant attention to political and military events. The winning of the far West, like the winning of the nearer West, was in large part also the work of trappers and traders, of explorers and missionaries, of prospectors and emigrants. To all of these agencies the author does, indeed, allude, but hardly more than incidentally. A word of commendation should be given to the numerous maps.

Dr. Arthur C. Cole's "Whig Party in the South" (Washington: American Historical Association), to which was awarded the Justin Winsor prize in American history for 1912, is a good piece of monographic writing. Fortunately, Dr. Cole has not limited himself to the interrelations of the Whig party and slavery, but has broadened the inquiry to include a general study of the party in the South; while, at the same time, keeping pretty strictly to the lines of a party history. The work traces the growth of the Southern Whigs, from their beginnings as an element in the anti-Jackson opposition, on through the changes which brought the party, by the election of 1844, under the leadership of Henry Clay, to the time when the conservatism of the party, in the face of the radical slavery programme, lost them their following and led to the disruption of their organization. The brief attempts to resuscitate the party, notably the Know-Nothing movement, are also described. Special mention should be made of the series of colored maps, showing the Southern vote in Presidential elections from 1836 to 1852.

"Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812," by Edward Foord (Little, Brown; $4), is a painstaking narrative in some detail of the tragic march to Moscow and the fatal retreat. The author has used the new material published by the French and Russian General Staffs, the old memoirs, and some of the good secondary accounts. He adds several good maps, portraits of generals, and reproductions of Vereshchagin's remarkable canvases. He gives in fact the fullest general recent account in English of this episode in Napoleon's career. Serious students, however, will look in vain for any references to authorities or for convincing discussions on disputed questions; and they will suspect from the text and the inadequate bibliography at the close of the volume that the author is not fully acquainted with the recent monographic material on the subject.

To what was once called our century of dishonor in dealing with the Indian has now been added another quarter-century of very spotted record. The Indian of to-day is a race of some 330,000 souls, scattered in scores of reservations. The full description of his recent and present conditions presents a task of considerable magnitude; but in a heavy illustrated volume published by the Andover Press, under the title of "The Indian in the United States, 1850-1915" ($3.75), it has been performed with thoroughness by Warren K. Moorehead, of the Federal Board of Indian Commissioners. The historical element is slender, being confined to scattered chapters on the Messiah craze of the Sioux, which culminated in the tragedy at Wounded Knee, on the lives of Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and Geronimo, and on certain of the greater scandals of the past, as the eviction of the White Earth Indians of Minnesota in 1908. The real value of the volume, which is everywhere informed with a keen sense of resentment for the Indian's wrongs, and of appreciation of recent efforts to care properly for him, is in the survey it gives of the various tribes as regards health, morality, education, agricultural and general economic development, and training for citizenship. Reasonableness and an aversion to overstatement give emphasis to the writer's conclusions. These include recommendations that the Government bestir itself at once, if it does not wish to see tuberculosis and fever sweep away half its remaining wards; that the office of Indian Commissioner, occupied since 1907 by four men, each of the first three of whom was removed for political reasons just as he had mastered his work, be given over to a permanent, non-partisan commission; and that the Indian be helped to independence by Government assistance in projects of irrigation and the buying of herds and implements. The completeness of the work is indicated by the fact that it contains a full statement of the case of Miss Kate Barnard against the would-be despoilers of Indian orphans in Oklahoma; yet the book is marred by a want of coherent organization. The difficulty of carrying the reader from one reservation to another is great. It is increased by the author's inability to combine the scientific or anthropo-

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logical and the historical points of view, and by his refusal to treat related topics together. He leaps from the Indian's religion to mineral rights, and from his health to the disappearance of the buffalo. But the book as a whole is a mine of fresh information.

Interesting discoveries have recently been made at Pompeii during excavations carried out by the Italian Government. A large house was unearthed with the frescoes and vaulting in a splendid state of preservation. One of the paintings represents the recovery of Hector's body by Priam. A staircase leading from the lower to the upper floor of the house is almost intact. The surroundings of the house were also explored, and several smaller houses were brought to light, also decorated with wall-paintings. Some had mosaic floors with scenes taken from the Trojan War. The bodies of several persons, who must have been surprised in their houses by the disaster which destroyed the city, were found, in some cases with garments well preserved.

Vol. VII of the "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics" (Scribner; $7), including articles Hymns-Liberty, contains a large number of important titles, among them several of the "composite" sort, divided up among expert contributors, who furnish a vast mass of trustworthy information. The arrangement of the particular titles in these articles (in alphabetical order of countries or religions) involves the ignoring of historical and cultural relations in the general treatment. For example, in the article "Hymns," "Babylonian" is followed by "Buddhist," "Celtic," and "Chinese," with which it has little to do, and is widely separated from "Hebrew," with which it is religiously closely connected. An introductory section, pointing out the general conditions of hymn-making, might be useful. Perhaps, also, it might be of interest to note the persistence of mundane imagery in Christian hymns, not only the mediæval but also the modern (those of Watts and his school)—green fields, freedom from chilling winds, and much more of like character. Other excellent groups are "Images and Idols," "Initiation," "King," "Law." The Egyptian King Menes is characterized (p. 712) as "fabulous" and "legendary," but not a few recent writers hold that monumental evidence has now proved him to be an historical personage; the sketch of Mohammedan law has the dimensions of a small book, and would form an excellent introduction to the study of Moslem codes. For the prehistoric period the article "Lake Dwellings" gives the details of recent excavations. Large space is given to the history of Biblical religions: the condensed but critical articles "Israel," "Judaism," "Kabbala," "Karaites" bring Jewish history down to the present time, and current orthodox Christianity is represented by the articles "Jesus Christ" (which includes a sketch of Paul), "Kingdom of God," and "Kenosis," and later Christian history by "Infallibility," "Indulgences," "Jesuits," and "Jansenism." A careful study of early Semitic ideas is given in the article "Ishtar"; the view there expressed (p. 429:9), that the goddess was in some regions transformed into a god, is controverted by a considerable number of scholars.

India, the fruitful mother of religions, is well represented. There is a short sketch of "Indian Buddhism," a sort of summary statement, disburdened of minute details, that is very helpful to the general reader. There is a serious attempt to clarify the elusive conception of "Karma," and a fundamental principle is discussed under "Karma-Marga" (salvation by works), in connection with which must be taken "Jnana-Marga" (salvation by knowledge). An enlightening account of the failure of the rival of Buddhism is given in "Jainism," and there is (in "Josaphat, Barlaam and") an explanation of how an Indian story was adopted by mediæval Christianity, and an Indian god and an Indian sage were received into the company of Christian saints. Tibetan "Lamaism" (or, observes Waddell, Lamism, as Buddhism, from Buddha), with its relation to Indian Buddhism, its history, divisions, and official grades, is briefly but clearly described. The article "Iranians" gives a sketch of the pre-Zoroastrian religion of Iran. The old religious systems of Indo-China and the Indonesians are treated at length; for the article on the latter a copious list of authorities has been furnished by Sir J. G. Frazer. The ethnology, history, and native religious development of Japan are described by a Japanese scholar; the article is an interesting contribution to the history of Japanese thought. There are also short notices of religion in Korea and among the Lapps, and for Finland a critical account of the Kalevala.

In the article "Kouretes and Korybantes" these figures are regarded as representing conceptions and ceremonies connected with the worship of the mother-goddess, in Crete and Phrygia. The obscure deities known as "Kabeiroi (Kabiri) and the equally obscure Samothracian mysteries are critically discussed under the title "Kabeiroi." The available material is collected and sifted, and the conclusion, cautiously stated as an inference rather than a demonstration, is that the deities and the mysteries were of Samothracian origin, non-Semitic and non-Hellenic, but adopted and transported by Phœnicians (for the name Kabeiroi a Semitic etymology, giving the meaning "great ones," is possible) and later largely Hellenized. The readiness with which foreign cults were accepted and modified in the Græco-Roman world is illustrated in the article "Isis," where the later fortunes of the famous Egyptian goddess are described. There are biographical and critical notices of Ibsen, Jerome, Josephus, Kant, and Edward Irving, and a large number of minor articles on psychological and philosophical principles and experiences and popular religious usages. The remark attributed to Josephus in manuscripts, that Jesus was the Christ, is rejected as spurious (a Christian interpolation) by the writer of the article "Josephus," who probably expresses the preponderant critical view; an editorial note gives references to some recent scholars who defend its authenticity.

Rupert Brooke, whose death in the course of the operations in the Dardanelles was recently announced, was beyond doubt one of the most promising of British poets. He had fine imagination, zest for life, and a classical taste. The general tendency in criticising him has been to trace much in his poetry to Donne, admiration of whom he admitted, and to certain of the other lesser post-Elizabethans, notably Webster. Brooke —the son of a house-master at Rugby, where he was born in 1887—took his degree at King's College, Cambridge, in 1909, and was elected to a fellowship of his College. He lived at the village of Grantchester, near Cambridge. In 1913 he travelled in the United States, Canada, and the South Sea islands, writing letters to the *Westminster Gazette* which attracted wide attention for their strokes of humor and flashes of beauty. His only volume of poems was published in 1911, though he had contributed many pieces of verse since then to *New Numbers* and other periodicals. He sailed for the Dardanelles in February, and suffered a sunstroke in April, dying in hospital at Lemnos.

Science

RECENT PROGRESS IN ASTRONOMY.

Stellar Movements and the Structure of the Universe. By A. S. Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

For investigators who have themselves made substantial contributions to science, opportunity is provided in the Macmillan Science Monographs, of which this is the eighth, to bring together their results and conclusions and discuss them in connection with the related work of others. Very rapid and far-reaching has been the progress of stellar research within recent years, and Professor Eddington, for many years at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, is himself in the forefront of this especial line of astronomical research. So that this comprehensive résumé and discussion of results and theories is most timely: it is a species of inventory of present knowledge of stellar motions and the structure of the universe, one of the greatest problems that have engaged the mind of man throughout all time.

Professor Eddington traces a star through the imaginary and successive stages of evolution. At first the spectrum consists wholly of diffuse bright bands, and as they become fewer and narrower, absorption lines make their appearance, helium series at first, followed by those of hydrogen. With the disappearance of bright bands, the spectrum merges into one made up wholly of absorption lines and bands, with a vast increase in intensity of the hydrogen spectrum, which subsequently gives way to the calcium spectrum, with multitudes of lines as in the sun itself. Of highest importance in studying the structure of the stellar universe are the actual distances of the relatively few stars that are well known, and Professor Eddington is careful to exclude all that are regarded with suspicion. Many of the distances ascertained by the late Sir David Gill with the heliometer are still adhered to; but the photographic method is now supplanting direct visual measures. Astronomers have as yet found no star nearer than Alpha Centauri, whose vast distance, formerly stated in light-years, is now preferably given as 1.3 parsecs, a parsec being a unit of distance equal to about nineteen trillion miles; that is, 206,000 times the

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earth's distance from the sun; or, in other words, that standard distance at which the earth's orbit would just fill the little angle of 2″ of arc. So a light-year is equal to very nearly one-third of a parsec. Scarcely less useful for purposes of stellar research are the proper motions, or the very slight changes in apparent position of the stars relatively to one another, first brought to light two centuries ago by Halley, when Savilian professor at Oxford. Here the lapse of time becomes all-important; and as an average proper motion is only about 4″ in a century, it is easy to see why very little is yet known of the proper motions of the less luminous stars. It is a southern star of about the ninth magnitude which moves 870″ per century, the swiftest yet known, or a speed which would take it through Orion's belt in something like a thousand years.

Most significant of all the elements of stellar research is the space-motion of stars in the line of sight, towards or from the solar system, now generally known as radial velocity. Half a century ago nothing was known about these motions, and it was only surmise that such movements must actually exist. Sir William Huggins first demonstrated their reality, and in large part the energies of the great observatories are now turned in this enticing direction, attaining results remarkable for their accuracy. In this work the Lick Observatory is preëminent, having published results for upwards of 1,500 stars, the swiftest of which travels at 325 kilometres per second. But speeds greater than sixty kilometres are not very common; and if a star is favored with spectral lines as of titanium, sharply defined, the calculation of the radial velocity will usually be accurate to within a quarter of a kilometre. Our knowledge of the masses and densities of stars is derived entirely from binary systems, whether visual or spectroscopic, or eclipsing variables. The range in stellar masses so far found is not at all proportionate to the wide range in their luminosities; and even if there is much difference in luminosity of the components of a binary, their masses are generally not far from equality. Density, too, is found to have a wide range, many of the stars being apparently in a very diffused state, their densities perhaps not greater than that of atmospheric air.

In all such research astronomers employ for their fundamental plane of reference not the horizon which bounds the view, nor the equator of the heavens, nor yet the plane of the sun's yearly pathway which traces out the ecliptic; although these are, all three of them, great circles which split the celestial sphere in halves. They are, however, mere accidents of our earthly habitation; so that everything inherently stellar is referred to that huge median girdle of the heavens called the Milky Way, which therefore fixes the galactic plane of the universe as a whole. Professor Eddington sketches the form of our stellar system, which is flattened or lens-shaped, with the sun occupying a fairly central position. The thickness of the system is not immeasurably great, and a sharp boundary is unlikely, only a gradual thinning out of the stars. Near the sun the stars are scattered fairly uniformly, but in the exterior galactic regions are a series of irregular agglomerations of wonderful richness, highly diversified in form and grouping. Within our inner system, it is most remarkable that the stars move with a strong preference in two opposite directions in the galactic plane; as if two vast aggregates of stars of more or less independent origin were passing through one another, and so for the time being were intermingled, with a relative motion of about 40 kilometres per second, the sun itself having an individual motion of 20 kilometres with respect to the mean of all the stars. Besides this general stream-motion, the stars composing the streams have individual motions of their own; nevertheless the stream-motion sufficiently dominates these random motions to cause marked general agreement in direction.

Within the central aggregation of stars are many scattering clusters, which Professor Eddington thinks presumably similar in nature to the beautiful objects revealed in the telescope as globular clusters. Recent research reveals systems of this type actually in our stellar neighborhood, and in one case even surrounding us. Seen as they are from a short distance, the concentration is lost, the cluster scarcely attracting notice:

> They are distinguished by the members having all precisely equal and parallel motions. The stars seem to be at quite ordinary stellar distances apart, and their mutual attraction is too weak to cause any appreciable orbital motion. They are not held together by any force; and we can only infer that they continue to move together because no force has ever intervened to separate them (p. 38).

A very striking feature of the nearest stars is the number of doubles among them, eight of the nineteen being binary. Why some stars have split into two components while others have held together is a most interesting question not yet answered, but it appears that fission is far from an abnormal fate for a star; indeed, the stars which divide appear to be not much less numerous than those which do not. Professor Eddington gives this lucid explanation of the "physically connected" pairs of stars:

> The connection, if we try to interpret it, appears to be one of origin. The components have originated in the same part of space, probably from a single star or nebula; they started with the same motion, and have shared all the accidents of the journey together. If the path of one is being slowly deflected by the resultant pull of the stellar system, the path of the other is being deflected at the same rate, so that equality of motion is preserved (p. 55).

In much the same way the moving clusters brought to light by very recent research are considerable groups of stars, widely separated in the sky, but betraying their association by equality of motion. The Taurus-stream, thoroughly investigated by the late Professor Boss, comprises part of the stars in the Hyades with other neighboring stars. Radial motions of several stars in this cluster have been measured, with a result of 46 kilometres per second; and from this, in combination with the proper motions, the resulting distances are known with high accuracy. This Taurus group appears as a globular cluster with slight central condensation, its diameter being rather more than ten parsecs. Its members are all individually much brighter bodies than the sun; and in our vicinity there is nothing to compare with this collection of magnificent orbs. Another travelling cluster is the Ursa Major system. The discovery of moving clusters is summed up as follows:

> An immediate result is that in the Taurus and Ursa Major streams we have been able to arrive at precise knowledge of the distance, relative distribution, and luminosity of stars which are far too remote for the ordinary methods of measurement to be successful.

Professor Eddington next takes up the sun's own motion, a problem first solved by Sir William Herschel, in 1783, with a good approximation. Since his day numerous determinations have been made, but all are surpassed by the recent investigations of Boss and of Campbell, the former by proper motions and the latter by radial velocities: both agree in the drift of the sun in the general direction of the constellation Lyra, at a constant speed of nearly twenty kilometres per second. Herein is provided a far longer base-line than obtains in the usual parallax observations; for the annual motion of the sun amounts to four times the radius of the earth's orbit. So this parallactic motion for a group or class of stars enables us, after the lapse of years, to ascertain their distance with exceeding accuracy. The author adds in this and other chapters the mathematical theories by which stellar technicians have derived these truly remarkable results from masses of data often far from homogeneous and consistent.

Most interesting are the phenomena associated with spectral type, which first began to be revealed nearly a quarter of a century ago. There is, in fact, a conspicuous correlation between luminosity and spectral type, quite anticipated on physical grounds. But more remarkable still is the connection between spectral type and speed of motion, in the discovery of which Monck and Kapteyn led. This is well shown by stars which have large proper motions. Recent measures of radial velocity, chiefly at the Lick Observatory, led to the wide generalization that average linear velocity of the stars continues to increase throughout the entire series, from the earliest to the latest types. Planetary nebulæ are found to travel the swiftest of all:

> The position of the planetary nebulæ at the end is distinctly curious. If we have entire confidence in the law that the speed increases with the stage of development, it follows that a planetary nebula must be regarded as a final stage—certainly not as the origin of a star. There is some justice in

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a remark of Innes: "The fact that we have seen a star change into a nebula ought to outweigh every contrary speculation that stars originate from nebulæ." It is necessary to proceed cautiously in such an application; but we seem to have within our grasp a new method of deciding doubtful questions as to the order of development of the different stages in a star's history.

Very far-reaching are the possible deductions from these new researches:

> The facts here brought before us direct attention to the very deep-lying question, How do the individual motions of the stars arise? It appears that as the life-history of a star is traced backwards, its velocity is found to be smaller and smaller. . . . Must we infer that a star is born without motion and gradually acquires one? I believe this is the right conclusion (p. 159).

Other deductions related to spectral type, while of great interest, are still rather speculative.

In discussing the star clusters and nebulæ, Professor Eddington notes the unmistakable signs of clustering and large-scale irregularities of density in the Milky Way, where the deep rifts and great star-clouds form features in marked contrast with the phenomena of distribution exhibited in the disk-shaped system of the stars in general. We need not consider the stellar system immediately surrounding the sun as the principal system, but may contemplate instead a number of star-clouds scattered irregularly in one fundamental plane, our own system being merely one of them. Then the two star-streams established by recent research are readily accounted for by the meeting and interpenetrating of two of these star-clouds. It does not trouble the author that we seem compelled to place the earth at the "hub of the stellar universe," that distinction being shared by thousands of other bodies; and he thinks it doubtful if there is really any close resemblance between aggregations of the Milky Way and that which surrounds the sun, for we do not recognize in them the oblate form flattened in the fundamental plane, which is so significant a feature of the solar star-cloud. In interpreting the apparent condensations and irregularities of the Milky Way, we must bear in mind that many of its dark patches are no doubt due to absorption of star-light by vast tracts of nebulous matter. There seems to be no reason why all parts of the galaxy are at the same distance; indeed, certain appearances suggest that in some regions there may be two or more branches lying essentially in line or behind one another. According to a finely elaborated theory of Easton, the entire galaxy may be spiral in its actual figure, all the seeming condensations and irregularities of structure being due to foreshortening and apparent projection, one upon another, of its various whorls and convolutions seen edge-on, from our position near its centre.

Discussing, in conclusion, the dynamics of the stellar system, the author states that, with the exception of binary systems, we have no direct evidence that one star influences the motion of another. Still we cannot doubt that, in the vast periods through which the stellar universe has been in process of development, gravitation must have been regnant in shaping the motions that now exist:

> The action of one star on another even at the smallest normal stellar distance is exceedingly minute. The attraction of the sun on Alpha Centauri imparts to that star in the course of a year a velocity of one centimetre per hour. At this rate it would take 380,000,000 years to communicate a velocity of one kilometre per second.

When we consider the general attraction of the whole stellar system in its composite members, this attraction becomes quite sufficient to produce important stellar movements. Recalling Poincaré's application of the theory of gases to the stellar system, comparing the individual stars to the molecules of a gas, Professor Eddington pointedly observes that an essential feature in gas dynamics is the prominent part taken by collisions of molecules; whereas collisions of stars, if they occur at all, must be exceedingly rare, and the effect would certainly not be the harmless rebound contemplated by the theory of gases. Accordingly, he rejects altogether the apparent analogy with the kinetic theory, and takes it as a fundamental principle that the stars describe paths in space under the general attraction of the stellar system and without interfering one with another. Calculating roughly, on certain necessary assumptions, how long it would take a star to pass from one side to the other of the sidereal system and back again, Professor Eddington finds the period 300 million years, or less than current estimates of the age of the earth's solid crust:

> Thus the sun and other stars of like maturity must have described at least one and probably many circuits, since they came into being. We are justified in thinking of the stellar orbits as paths that have actually been traversed, and not as mere theoretical curves (p. 255).

How old is the stellar system, then? Astronomers have no means of estimating; but our author would see "no harm in having some such figure as ten billion years at the back of our minds in thinking of these questions."

We have touched upon but a few of the great conceptions of this book, which reveals the master hand in every chapter. Professor Eddington has given abundant space to discussion of the labors of American astronomers, the star-plates from the Franklin-Adams charts are well chosen, and the ample bibliographic references are most serviceable. The present state of stellar research is fitly summarized in the concluding words of the author:

> The knowledge that has been attained shows only the more plainly how much there is to learn. The perplexities of to-day foreshadow the discoveries of the future. If we have still to leave the stellar universe a region of hidden mystery, yet it seems as though, in our exploration, we have been able to glimpse the outline of some vast combination which unites even the farthest stars into an organized system.

Drama

THE STAGE IN LONDON—A SEASON OF QUANTITY RATHER THAN QUALITY—A NEW DRAMATIST.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, April 30.

While it is playing havoc with the quality of the dramatic output, the war is having little or no effect on its quantity. I can scarcely remember a busier spring season than that through which we are passing. For a couple of weeks there has been a new production almost every night. This does not, of course, mean that the theatre is prosperous. The frequency of new productions implies that the old ones are short-lived. But it is a testimony to the fascination of theatrical gambling that, even under conditions of war, there is no lack of people who are willing to "back" plays.

While all the playwrights of established reputation are holding back, one new writer of real note has come forward—else had the average merit of the spring productions been low indeed. Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell has hitherto been known mainly as a novelist. A sentimental drama which he produced some years ago showed little promise. "Searchlights," produced last February by Mr. H. B. Irving, was much better, but still a sufficiently commonplace piece of work. It was chiefly notable for the courage which the author showed in making a German a sympathetic character. Last week, however, Mr. Vachell definitely took his place among the playwrights who count with a comedy called "Quinneys'," produced at the Haymarket. It tells a story as old as Whittington—how a virtuous apprentice overcomes parental opposition and marries his master's daughter—but it makes this simple tale the vehicle for a couple of original and entertaining character-studies, and its scenes are conducted with a great deal of vivacity and technical skill. Joseph Quinney is a dealer in old furniture, works of art, etc., who, without education, and by sheer natural genius, has become a famous expert and has incidentally made a fortune. The rugged, self-willed Yorkshireman is devoted to his only daughter, and has great ambitions for her. Consequently he is indignant when he finds she has given her heart to his chief assistant; and when that young man points out to him that he has bought as genuine Chippendales a "faked" set of chairs, he suspects the youth of trying to blackmail him by threatening his reputation as an expert.

This may seem scant material for a four-act play; but all the more notable is the ingenuity with which Mr. Vachell keeps the interest tense and unflagging. The character of Quinney is a really humorous creation, and is embodied by Mr. Henry Ainley with extraordinary cleverness and success. It is only thirteen or fourteen years since Mr. Ainley made his first appearance in Lon-

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don as a pretty boy, playing Paolo in Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca." Who could then have foreseen that he would develop into one of our very best character-actors? Mrs. Quinney, too, is a delightful personage, and even the virtuous apprentice is no mere lay-figure. "Quinneys'" is easily the best play of a bad season, and even in a good season would take more than respectable rank.

Another character-play of some interest, but of far more unequal workmanship, is "Advertisement," by Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings. The central figure is very vividly drawn; but Mr. Hastings has somehow failed to bring his present into credible relation to his past, from which the drama springs. Luke Sufan, a middle-aged Hebrew of the ebullient, mercurial type, has made a large fortune through the skilful advertisement of Sufan's Staminal Syrup, an absolutely worthless, if not deleterious, compound. We see him surrounded by an amusing group of his confederates in the art of advertising, and we recognize in him a thoroughly vulgar, ignorant, and bumptious personage, not ill-natured, but without the least suspicion that there is anything wrong in defrauding the public by an elaborate system of mendacious puffery. In himself, then, the character is comprehensible enough; but when we find him married to a woman of extraordinary delicacy and refinement, who is not even of his own race, we cannot but ask in amazement how this union ever came about. It is true that in real life an immense number of marriages are almost equally puzzling; but it is the business of the dramatist to solve these enigmas, not merely to state them. The only approach to a solution offered by Mr. Hastings is that in his youth Luke Sufan was a musician and "played the fiddle like a hangel." From the mature man, all trace of artistic feeling has disappeared, and we do not really believe that it ever existed. He has, at one period of his career, driven his wife away from him by his brutality; and his only son, to whom he is devoted, is, though he little suspects it, not really his son and has no drop of Jewish blood in him. The boy goes to the war and is killed; and one of the chief scenes in the play shows how the genuinely heart-broken father cannot resist the opportunity of procuring a bold advertisement for a new swindle which he is launching upon the market. The other crucial scene is that in which Sufan little by little worms out of his wife the fact that the dead boy was not his child. The situation is ably handled, and would undoubtedly be a strong one if we could believe in the antecedents on which it is based. From this tempestuous act we pass at one bound to an idyllic last act, in which Sufan has abjured advertisement and returned to his violin—whereupon his wife returns to him. It would seem that the author aimed at a study in specially Jewish psychology; but there is really nothing in the character of Sufan of which a Gentile would not be equally capable—or incapable.

Sir George Alexander has produced at the St. James's a play by the author of "Peg o' My Heart," entitled "The Panorama of Youth." It is "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with the part of Mrs. Tanqueray, like that of Hamlet, "omitted by special request." It is very probable that Mr. Hartley Manners, while writing the play, was unconscious of the resemblance; but Sir George Alexander must have noted it, and perhaps regarded it as an advantage. Perhaps, too, he was right, for the public seemed to take to the piece; but a serious enrichment of the British drama it certainly is not.

The resemblance to Sir Arthur Pinero's play extends to almost every detail. A middle-aged man, contemplating a second marriage, invites two old cronies to dinner in order to break the news to them. From a conversation between them, we learn that his first marriage, like Aubrey Tanqueray's, was unhappy, and that the child of that marriage, a daughter, is about to enter a convent. Then, just as in "Mrs. Tanqueray," the daughter changes her mind and returns to her father. Owing to the miscarriage of a letter, just as in "Mrs. Tanqueray," she takes him by surprise. Her return is rendered doubly inconvenient by the fact that she has fallen in love—and with whom? The answer brings us to the first substantial difference between the two plays: the daughter's lover is not an ex-lover of her father's second wife, but is that lady's son. Hence ensues the tragic discovery that the second wife is a divorcée; but she is not, as I have said, a Mrs. Tanqueray, for she was entirely innocent, and is, in fact, a lady of the highest principles and most amiable character. This being so, there is, of course, nothing to stand in the way of a happy ending, which duly "eventuates." I omitted to mention that the hero—the Aubrey Tanqueray—had himself been divorced from his first wife; but as he, too, was entirely innocent, this merely creates a delightful symmetry in the relations of all parties.

A short-lived play, called "The Blow," produced at the Little Theatre, is perhaps worth mentioning on account of the curious moral problem it handles. The author, Mr. Vane Sutton Vane, is, I am told, the son of a playwright of great renown in the sphere of gory melodrama. If I am not mistaken, the elder Mr. Vane is the author of that remarkable play in which the heroine, fleeing from the villain, crosses a yawning chasm on a living bridge formed of the interlinked bodies of her three Indian servants, who happen, providentially, to be accomplished acrobats. The younger Mr. Vane, though it is drawing-room drama that he essays, shows a distinct tendency to follow in the paternal footsteps. A Mrs. Pallant, resident in Paris, is worrying over the disappearance of her husband, when an insolent adventuress calls upon her with the information that she, the adventuress, has cast her toils over Mr. Pallant and proposes to elope with him. Goaded to extremity, Mrs. Pallant seizes an electric lamp which happens to be at her hand, and brains her tormentress.

This—the "blow" of the title—ends the first act, which is sketchy but not uninteresting. We imagine that we are in for a detective drama, showing how Mrs. Pallant eludes the consequences of her momentary, but excusable, frenzy. But the real "blow" comes when we find ourselves mistaken. Mrs. Pallant does get off, but we never know how; and what we are invited to do is to consider the problem whether a lady of stern morality is justified in letting her daughter marry the son of a murderess. For Mrs. Pallant, much to our astonishment, affirms that her deed was a deliberate murder. To all appearance, she acted on a momentary impulse—but no! she will not have it so! She declares that she thought the matter out and decided that it was her duty to kill the adventuress. If this was so, I confess that the problem is a little baffling. Of course, there is no reason in the world why the young people should not be married, and, of course, they are; but in giving them our blessing I don't think we ought to be held to condone Mrs. Pallant's crime. I, at any rate, am not prepared to endorse the general thesis that every woman who is taunted by an adventuress is justified in fracturing her skull with the first lethal weapon that comes handy.

The ever-popular Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks have produced an adaptation by "George Egerton" of "La Belle Aventure," by MM. de Flers and Caillavet, under the title of "Wild Thyme." I should not be surprised if it were successful, for it turns on a situation of a very favorite type, which is to me so unattractive that I do not care to enlarge upon it. Briefly, it is that of a pair of lovers who are forced by their own silliness, and by the tactlessness of an aged relative, to play Act III, Scene 5, of "Romeo and Juliet" before they have played Act II, Scene 6—or, in other words, before Friar Laurence has had time to "incorporate two in one." This sort of epithalamial humor has long been banished from society, and one sees no good reason why it should survive on the stage.

Besides the perennial "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Peg o' My Heart," America contributes two productions to the active list. The very unpretentious fun of "Three Spoonfuls" seemed to be much to the taste of the Criterion public; and, indeed, one or two of the situations are quite irresistible. At the Strand Theatre, Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson have produced "The Argyle Case," which was received with much favor, in spite of a rather dragging first performance. It struck me as a lively detective play; but I remain quite in the dark as to how and why the late Mr. Argyle met his end at the hands of the villanous lawyer. Does anybody know? A third American play, "On Trial," was produced last night with conspicuous success, in spite of the fact that it was played by an entirely English company.

"A FULL HOUSE."

A brisk farce like Mr. Fred Jackson's piece at the Longacre Theatre is almost always sure of a hearty welcome. This dramatic

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type is one which aspiring young playwrights might profitably experiment with before attempting serious work; for farce by its very exaggerations presupposes on the part of a writer a sense of fitness and proper dramatic values, and even holds out the opportunity for considerable finesse. "A Full House" undertakes no delicate shades, but it has the right flourish and "go," never showing signs of breaking down after it is once under way. The whole performance is a bit of rollicking fun in which sheer silliness accounts for as many laughs as the more calculated surprises; it reminds one not a little of "Officer 666." There is no need to recount the plot, except to say that ridiculous complications arise over a stolen necklace and an accidental exchange of handbags by a burglar and a lawyer, one bag containing the necklace and the other some slightly compromising letters. It takes an evening full of merriment to straighten out the confusion. The work of May Vokes stands out as quite the drollest of all. F.

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS."

The opening, in the Yale Bowl on Saturday, of Mr. Granville Barker's season of Euripides may be called a distinct success, with qualifications that are due only in part to the company and management. For Miss Lillah McCarthy in the title rôle no qualification is needed; she was a beautiful embodiment of one of Euripides's loveliest creations. The parts of Orestes and Pylades, by Ian Maclaren and Leonard Willey, respectively, were also adequate; and these three carry most of the play. Yet every play is a whole. The writer believes, with Miss McCarthy and Mr. Barker, that some of the old Athenian plays have in them quite enough dramatic life to make them attractive to modern audiences, in spite of antique subject and form; but clearly, to that end special attention must be given to those parts of the whole which are furthest from modern conventions. And the difficulties in the way of this are great.

To begin with, a section of the Bowl or of a stadium is after all not a Greek theatre. In the latter the audience came down close to the orchestra more than half way around the circle. In contrast with that, the wide gap which is unavoidable in the structure built for football is a disheartening void. And the excessively large back-scene, made necessary by the size of the curve, by dwarfing actors and chorus, makes them seem still further off. Then, since the chorus must appear to a modern playgoer more or less undramatic, the utmost should be done, by their costume and dance and music, to charm the eye and ear, at once enhancing the dramatic interest and compensating for deficiency of it. It is true that mimetic dancing is still for us a dead art; yet the writer has seen at least one Greek chorus —an English one—which met the conditions very well. Finally, a "god from the machine" as a substitute for a dramatic solution, and elucidation of an ancient ritual, cannot have for us the attraction which they had for an Athenian spectator, to whom Athena was a living deity and the ritual a part of his life. Here are difficulties and danger-places enough.

For the back-scene Mr. Barker makes no attempt to reproduce the front of a temple, but places us before a great structure, the central part higher than the wings, each section containing a double door, though only the central one is used in this play. The spectator is quite ready to see here the temple of Artemis and abode of her priestess. The upper step is broadened to make a stage about three feet high. When, however, a performer descends from this into the orchestra, it is found that no confusion results; no stage was really needed, as none was known to Euripides, beyond ordinary steps proportioned to the temple or palace or altar. As the main doors opened inward Iphigenia was disclosed, costumed in light tints, as one of the pre-Persian statues of the Acropolis, against a wall of red—a charming figure as she came forward and spoke the prologue, a figure hardly improved later by the fantastic headdress assumed when she brought out the image. Her every word held the attention of the audience, of perhaps six or seven thousand; the libation scene and the recognition scene were especially impressive. The chorus were disappointing in two ways. Their costumes are not only not Greek, which is defensible, but they lack grace of line, of pattern, and of color. When, in addition, their dance is found to be slight and uninteresting, they are felt by the end of the first stasimon to be rather superfluous. This feeling once established, the music is not rich and full enough to lend aid in retrieving the situation. The composer, Prof. David Stanley Smith, wisely from the archæological point of view, has employed the Gregorian modes as our nearest approach to the antique, has kept the voices in unison, and has supplied almost no harmony. The effect is unfortunately one of meagreness, accustomed as we are to full harmony. He probably would have done better if the accompaniment, at least of strings and wind, had been fuller. Nor would two parts for the voices, especially after the first stasimon, have obscured the words—which were hardly intelligible as it was—while our modern ears would have been better satisfied.

The attention of the audience was well held until after the recognition scene, and even till the procession to the shore had gone; from that point it lagged. For Athena a presentable image of heroic size was lifted by machinery behind the scene, and Mary Forbes spoke the lines through an opening like a megaphone. For two reasons most of the audience did not care for Athena. First, the figure was obviously wooden, and secondly the voice, beautifully clear within its range, did not reach those on the side at all. Besides, the noise of some school children, who had been unwisely invited and had long since lost interest, interfered sadly with the enjoyment of those who desired to hear. Would not the effect have been better if a living person, though of only human size, had stood on the *theologeion* and spoken as the goddess?

Thoas and his soldiers were made frankly comic, beyond the degree which Euripides can have intended; and Thoas had not learned his lines. Where prompting is impossible that is unpardonable in a professional actor.

The public at such a production consists always of two extreme groups, with all gradations between. One is that of those who know the original and desire as close a revival of it as possible. At the other extreme are theatregoers who care nothing for an antiquity which is strange to them. A manager undertaking a season of Euripides must rely mainly on the support of the latter. The classical man must allow him as much freedom as is allowed in dealing with Shakespeare, and be content if the heart of the drama is given in such form as will reach the non-classical spectator. Meantime let more colleges, in however unpretentious fashion, present Greek plays in the Greek. T. D. G.

Music

SONGS, OPERA SINGERS, AND CHOIRS.

The Song. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.

Some Famous Singers of the Nineteenth Century. By Francis Rogers. New York: H. W. Gray Co. $1.

Musical Ministries in the Church. By Waldo Selden Pratt. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Choirtrainer's Art. By A. Madeley Richardson. New York: G. Schirmer.

Mr. Upton's latest book is not a treatise on the art songs of Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, MacDowell, and other great masters, but on the popular songs of various countries. He considers briefly the origin of song and its development through the middle ages by Troubadours and other singers, and then devotes short chapters to songs of love, sentiment, patriotism, negro minstrelsy, as well as to sacred songs, sea songs, hunting and drinking songs. There are no musical illustrations except the "Sumer Is Icumen In" of the thirteenth century, on which the English base their claim to having been the first to found a national school of composition; but throughout the volume the words are printed of many famous popular songs of which thousands know the tune better than the text. Particularly timely are the poems and the discussions of the patriotic songs considered in the sixth chapter, among them "Deutschland über Alles." Mr. Upton agrees with Fritz Kreisler that of all the national hymns the Russian is the most majestic. It is odd to find in a book a sentence like the following, which is more suitable for a transient newspaper or magazine: "Should we be dragged into the present European war, 'The Star Spangled Banner' will be heard in every army corps and on the deck of every battleship and cruiser." With the author's statement that America has no distinctive, indigenous song, we cannot agree. Stephen Foster's songs (which are not negro tunes) are distinctively American, as are some of MacDowell's melodies. They are unlike anything composed in Europe. An appendix of eleven pages gives a list of the most popular songs of each of the several kinds referred to.

While Mr. Upton discusses song in general (he might have called his book "Perennials in the Garden of Popular Song"), Francis Rogers considers in detail the career of a number of nineteenth-century opera singers, among them four Garcias, Catalini, Pasta, Labdache, Rubini, Nourrit, Duprez, Sontag, Lind, Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini. The fact that Mr. Rogers is one of the genuine artists among the singers of our day gives weight to his opinions. Before commenting on the singing of the vocalists named, he gives a brief sketch of their career, with an anecdote or two. Speaking of the technique of singing, he says that what is best in it "we owe to the Italians; to the French

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we owe that part of the technique that concerns *'l'art de bien dire'*; to the Germans we owe nothing." He errs, however, in saying that most of the world's best singers have come of Latin stock. In "Success in Music" (pp. 93-95) tables are printed which show that Germany and Austria are not behind Italy in the number of great singers they have given to the world. There is an interesting page showing that few of the famous singers have kept their voices unimpaired after their fiftieth year. Mr. Rogers is puzzled by the case of Jenny Lind, who "gained her victories by means so little obvious that we, who never heard her, cannot quite account for the tremendous impression she made on her own generation."

Professor Pratt's book on "Musical Ministries in the Church" has reached its third edition, to which has been added a new chapter on the history of English hymnody. The appendices, giving lists of books on church music in general as well as on hymns, have been brought up to date. Professor Pratt has been for many years a teacher in the Hartford Theological Seminary, and this book contains some of his lectures, which are addressed to ministerial candidates rather than to musicians. Nevertheless, his chapters on the choir and on the organ and the organist are of interest to all musicians.

The standard of church music is steadily going up, in the opinion of A. Madeley Richardson, author of "The Choir Trainer's Art," who has had a wide experience in both English and American churches. He devotes separate chapters to the management of boys, men, and women, in choirs. Men, it seems, are the most difficult, especially in the apportionment of solo parts. He found differences between the boys here and abroad: "The English boy is steady, quiet, plodding, reliable; the American boy is bright, vivacious, inquiring, emotional." Before he came to America he had been warned against the American boy, being told he had no singing-voice. This he found to be pure invention, and he relates some amusing experiences he had. The bulk of this volume is taken up with questions of voice production, agility exercises, vowels and consonants, words and music, plain song, psalm chanting, hymns, anthems, and services. The remarks on expression are brief but valuable. The author's free translation of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, as "loud later on" and "soft later on," should be impressed on the memory of all choir singers and conductors.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Max Reger has followed the example of Weingartner and Reznicek in perpetrating a patriotic composition—a "Vaterländische Ouverture" dedicated to the German army. In it he employs his amazing contrapuntal cleverness in intertwining the tunes of "Deutschland über Alles," "Nun danket alle Gott," and "Die Wacht am Rhein" in every possible combination. He conducted this novelty at one of Richard Strauss's Berlin concerts the other day. Dr. Leopold Schmidt, of the *Tageblatt*, did not like it, calling it a "Gelegenheitskomposition im üblen Sinne."

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, April 30.

The Royal Academy holds its Exhibition this year as usual, but, with the best will in the world, it cannot keep the unusualness of everything from its walls. The fact that, for the first time in my knowledge, there is to be no Academy dinner is in itself a sign that the Academy has not escaped the influence of war, while on Press Day the spectacle of one or two critics in khaki gave the keynote to this spring's show. As I suppose is inevitable, there is khaki everywhere on the walls, everywhere soldiers—in trenches, in hospital, in the thick of the fight, singing "Tipperary" on the road, hearing mass doing heroic deeds; everywhere portraits of officers in uniform; everywhere battleships, in and out of action; everywhere refugees and desecrated churches, and towns in ruins. It is the sort of thing that the French can do supremely well, though they may not attempt more than the popular *machine*, but that the English can rarely do without falling into sentimental anecdote or trivial photography. Among the innumerable war pictures only two rise above the average and have an interest beyond that of the mere newspaper reprint: one a record of fact, the other an expression of a hope.

The record of fact is Lavery's Wounded: London Hospital, 1915. I have seen before now much the same theme carried out with equal realism, greater skill, and on a still larger scale in the Paris Salons. But at the Academy, the painting is infinitely better and more ambitious than any of the other war documents or fantasies, and Sargent is probably the only painter in England who could have surpassed it in ease and dexterity. It represents, in their long narrowing perspective, two adjoining wards of a spotless, spacious hospital, the wounded in various stages of suffering or recovery, lying in their beds or grouped here and there, one on crutches hobbling down the long bare aisle between, and, in the immediate foreground, an elderly nurse or sister dressing the wounded arm of a youth in Highland uniform. These details are rendered with almost the impersonal accuracy of a camera. But Lavery has worked out, as no camera could, a pleasant scheme of color from the blue of the curtains at the beds, repeated in the blue counterpane of the nearest bed of all, and concentrated in the deeper blue of the nurse's gown; the light falling through the row of tall windows on to the bare floor has supplied him with an amusing pattern, and his use of it suggesting at once the arrangement, the thought, the design impossible to the camera. The medical paraphernalia on the nurse's glass table is delightfully painted, and the wards are full of air and cool light. Altogether, the painting produces the impression of a truth agreeably stated, without any deeply felt sympathy, perhaps, but also without any meretricious or too obvious appeal to the emotions.

The hope is expressed by George Clausen in his Renaissance. Apparently, his aim is the appeal to the emotions disdained by Lavery, but an appeal by means of allegory rather than statement of truth, most likely made in all sincerity, and he himself moved in making it. The painting, like Lavery's, is fairly large for the Academy, though it would seem small in the Salon, and, as the two fill centres directly opposite to each other, the difference in the aims of the two painters and their measure of success is the more marked. No camera could chronicle the details as Clausen has brought them together. To the left of his canvas, in among a mass of ruins, three figures are gathered: an old man and a woman, both prostrate, in attitudes of despair and costumes of allegory, and a man evidently intended to represent middle-age, seated, also in despondent pose, but in clothes of sombre black and the fashion of to-day, the red of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. To the right, from between and around the broken stones, crocuses, purple and white and gold, spring up in rich profusion, and a tight little bunch of the same blossoms is held high above her head by a young girl whose nude figure is set against the sky and the purple and blue and green lines of a conventionalized landscape. The allegory is not too subtle for its meaning to escape the most casual passer-by. It is as plain to read as the prose of Lavery's hospital. But it fails just where Lavery's prosaic record succeeds. There is no effective design, no agreeable arrangement. Clausen appears at one moment to have sought to emulate Puvis de Chavannes, at the next to have felt a fleeting fancy for Augustus John, and to have lost himself between the two. The man in the black clothes breaks harshly into the pale color scheme; in his modern dress, with the accentuated decoration, he verges dangerously upon the comic in such company. The nude figure is clumsy, it has nothing of the beautiful, delicate slimness of youth, but is bony, angular, thin, which is quite a different thing, quite an inappropriate thing, in a figure intended as a symbol of promise. The idea, despite its want of originality, may be welcome in this moment of gloom, just as the green down beginning to cover plants and bushes in the London parks and gardens is encouraging in this slowest of slow English springs. But the idea is baldly clothed, it has led to no splendor of color, no dignity of form, no impressiveness of decoration. The painter has seen more real, more appealing beauty in the familiar surroundings of the life he knows than in the unfamiliar land of allegory, and from his simply set breakfast table on a Winter Morning, with London's red wafer of a sun struggling to shine through the white-curtained window, has evolved a far more cohesive design and filled a small canvas with far more genuine emotion.

However, these two big war canvases, with all their faults, are at least interesting

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enough to criticise. As much cannot be said for the other works that rival them in size. It has lately been suggested that employment for unemployed artists might be provided by setting them to decorate schoolhouses, town halls, and other public buildings. There is no question that many artists are without employment—no question that the numerous war relief exhibitions and sales have compelled them to give for the benefit of others that which they really should have disposed of for their own needs. But to remedy the one evil by employing them in mural decoration would be but creating another, that is, to judge from the Royal Academy. One does not like to think of the second state of England if the painters now exhibiting were let loose upon national and municipal walls. The wise among them refrain from any suggestion of decoration in their work. The unwise, though in some cases they may plead a commission as justification, betray little but unfitness for the task, as in the case of Seymour Lucas, who has made an illustration on a colossal scale of The Flight of the Five Members, 1642, as a "presentation picture for the House of Commons." The catalogue does not add an explanation of how the House disposes of presentation pictures, but the dull, depressing canvas convinces one anew that a plain, whitewashed, cloister-like wall has a distinction and loveliness that only the master can afford to tamper with.

A huge, blinding July Day suggests that Gerald Moira, who painted it, had some decorative intention, for certainly he could never have imagined that his painting, in a high, shrill key, of sea and sky and shore and women in screaming striped blouse and bathing sheet, could have found a permanent place as a picture on the walls of any private or even public gallery. But here again there is no design, no arrangement of the spaces, the forms, the colors. Cadogan Cowper, of whom a big "subject picture" is expected year by year, because it was upon the strength of one that he was elected Associate, can do nothing better than to manufacture a new version of the scene when Faust first sees Marguerite, that would seem crude at His Majesty's, and to rely for strength or sensation upon the vermilion which in more than one of his painted anecdotes has before now set one's teeth on edge. George Henry poses two women in a bed of waist-high red and white tulips on a Spring Morning, with an effect that might tell in a poster on the London hoardings. And so, to pass from one large canvas to another, is to look in vain for any hint or indication that the country abounds either in great masters or efficient craftsmen who only await the opportunity to prove their power as decorators.

The portraits are no less disappointing. In painting men, the unpicturesqueness of modern dress is often the painter's excuse for the commonplace of the modern portrait. But uniform, whether every-day khaki or ceremonial full-dress, has inspired no nobler or more personal achievement. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that this year the number of presentation portraits is greater than ever, and the presentation portrait is sure to paralyze the British artist. Royalty has the same effect, and Lavery, who shirked nothing of reality in his Hospital, makes of his Queen Mary a mere flat, wooden lay figure to hang ropes of pearls on. The figure strikes one as the more wooden because close by is a portrait by Sargent of Lord Curzon, a half-length painted for the Royal Geographical Society, of which he has been president for three years, and though the gorgeous blue robes and more gorgeous gold lace of court dress are hardly less magnificent as ornament than the Queen's pearls, Sargent has managed to put a real man inside them with a real head of flesh and bone and blood on his shoulders—an ugly man, but with the character that to the true artist makes ugliness often so much more fascinating to paint than beauty. Though Sargent is said to have given up portrait painting, has said so himself, I believe, he shows this year two portraits which are decidedly the most interesting in the Academy. The second is a half-length of F. J. H. Jenkinson, librarian to the University of Cambridge, small in size, quiet in arrangement, but with the same unmistakable stamp of truth in the rendering of a personality that made his Coventry Patmore so memorable. Otherwise, there is little save the annual wilderness of Academic commonplace in portraiture. Even Orpen threatens to succumb to the Academic asphyxiation, and, as though he were conscious of it, seems to struggle to escape by forcing his effects, forgetting that axiom of Whistler's, that the figure should keep well within the frame, and, instead, making his jump out of it as if to challenge you to overlook him if you dare. Glyn Philpot, the newly elected Associate, whose portraits have been thought during recent years to add interest to the International, sends nothing; nor does C. H. Shannon, one of the more lately chosen Associates, send anything. Strang has sometimes, by sheer force of violent color and violent contrasts, compelled attention, but his Danaë, whose Jupiter comes not as a golden shower but as a very ungodlike man in red dressing gown and green turban, is hardly within the realm of portraiture, nor is his girl in The Red Cloak, who is as expressionless, as wooden, as entirely subordinate to the cloak, as a mannequin.

The average of the landscapes is not more brilliant. The Academy is not, and has not been for years, a place to which one goes for new adventure or new expression in any form of art—not the place selected by the young for the launching of their experiments or the proclaiming of their revolt against convention. But, often in the landscapes the Academy has made up for the mediocre level of the rest of the Exhibition. Now, in wartime, however, the landscape painters have mostly contented themselves with their old subjects and their old methods, and this year's paintings are virtually but a reëcho of last year's. Indeed, several of these painters who at one period were among the most interesting and the most stimulating had already reduced their study of nature to a formula, with the unmistakable loss of vitality that reliance upon formula never fails to bring. It is long since Mark Fisher, accomplished technician as he is, has found anything new to say, or has strayed very far beyond his old familiar fields and pastures. From Adrian Stokes there come but new variations of his charming but well-worn arrangements of reeds and blue water and distant mountains of snow and mist. Edward Stott lingers in his pale, empty, treeless country, and by his lonely pools, the sad twilit landscape once more a background, and the Scriptures once more searched for the notice now looked for from him: this year, The Entombment, Christ, and the holy group, as pale and unreal as the shadowy world through which they move, but shadows themselves. The hills of D. Y. Cameron reveal no new beauties, nor do the dim, murky reaches of Peppercorn's streams. The mythical creatures of Charles Sims's invention are still silhouetted against a wide space of sky that rises from the same low, flat horizon. No wonder it comes with something of a shock to turn from these unrealities to the intensely real, vivid, living notes of things seen by Sargent. Again, as in innumerable Academies, it is above all this splendid vitality in his work that is felt. He has eyes, and knows how to see through them, instead of relying upon somebody else's spectacles; he can paint, and he does so, not with hesitations and misgiving, but with vigor and evident enthusiasm. He shows this year mere notes made in the Tyrol—notes of the people at table in a Tyrolese Interior, of a Tyrolese Mountain Graveyard, with its strange, fantastic crucifixes above the graves, of a single Tyrolese Crucifix, the Christ, barbaric, blood-spotted, hung against the outer wall of a house. In each he records the play of light, whether it falls through the window into the quiet, pleasant room or on the far mountain range where the low clouds come and go; in each he gives the detail with a few broad, vigorous touches that reveal his mastery both of his own vision and of his medium. There is no formula here—just the painter's impression of a paintable subject put down because of his delight in it, and therefore retaining its spontaneity.

The general lassitude is felt even more in the sculpture than in the painting. Already monuments or memorials are being designed for the men who have already fallen, but the tragedy of the great war has not as yet meant great inspiration for the sculptor. The work is perfunctory, reveals no original thought, no reawakened sense of beauty or of grandeur. The water-colors are so many and so crowded that the masterpiece, if there were one, as I do not believe there is, would be lost in the medley of the walls. The black-and-white, as ever at the Academy, fails to be representative. Perhaps the marvel is that any work at all should have been done at such a crisis. N. N.

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Finance

THE MARKETS AND THE CRISIS WITH GERMANY.

When issues of such profound importance as those of the fortnight past are hanging in the balance, and when each successive day produces some event with a bearing on the outcome, the stock market has a double significance. It passes the financial community's instantaneous judgment on the meaning of an event of the day, and it also foreshadows the longer results of a whole series of events.

The violent break in prices—first on Friday, May 7, when news of the Lusitania tragedy arrived; again on Monday of last week, when the supporting orders, put in by strong banking houses to avert a condition of panic, were withdrawn, and yet again last Friday, when President Wilson's note to Germany was published—reflected unmistakably the financial view of the grave possibilities involved in the lawless German act. But the week as a whole, though marked by wide and excited fluctuations, nevertheless displayed a peculiar sort of underlying stability; and the later sequel of the President's note was strong and continuous recovery on the Stock Exchange.

How far this can or ought to continue, under all the circumstances, is doubtless questionable. A moment of the present sort is not suited to random speculation; Wall Street itself is deeply impressed with the gravity of the impending possibilities. But at the very worst of last week's decline on the Stock Exchange, two significant incidents occurred. One was, that bankers who have been particularly in touch with German sentiment expressed belief that the Government at Berlin would meet our terms. The other was that buying orders from the most powerful investment quarters were in evidence, the purchases being based avowedly on belief that the strength of this country's financial and industrial position was such that even war with Germany could not seriously shake it. On the correctness or incorrectness of these two assumptions, or of either of them, the course of events financial must necessarily depend.

What the German Government will do is a question involving the other question, whether the Naval Board or the Foreign Office will dictate the answer. The two have already seemed on occasion to be pulling in opposite directions. When there has been such evidence of divergent opinion, the Admiralty has invariably won; as the General Staff has won (usually to the lasting international prejudice of Germany) in vital matters of international policy affecting warfare on land. It is possible, also, that the recent German victories on land may have made the war officers of the Government intractable.

But the President's note was worded, with consummate skill, in such a way as to make the outright rejection of its terms by Germany equivalent to bold defiance of the humane sentiment of the neutral world. The German Admiralty cannot know what might conceivably be the later significance of the American navy's active participation in the war. What it must know, however, is that our vast storehouse of capital and material resources would be absolutely shut to Germany during such a war; that our powerful example might go far towards determining action by other neutrals, and that this possibility would exist at the moment when the Italian population are pulling fiercely at the leash by which their Government holds them back from war with Austria.

The question as to a continuance of American prosperity, even in the event of an open breach with Germany, stands on other grounds. In the present posture of the European war on land and sea, there is no possibility of hostile contact between ourselves and Germany, as individual antagonists. There is as little chance of this country's being dragged into the economic maelstrom in which financial Europe is sinking. There would still be left the remoter possibilities, common to every war. It is conceivable, as a pure hypothesis, that Germany may force separate peace on her European antagonists, or annihilate the English fleet and regain possession of the seas.

But these possibilities are at least remote. We were remotely confronted with quite as formidable possibilities in our Spanish War, when the clash of Admiral Dewey with the German Admiral Diederichs, in Manila Bay, opened up a vista to the imaginative mind. Yet in 1898 the stock market, which had broken with the greatest violence when the Maine was destroyed in Havana harbor on February 15, and which had fallen into renewed disorder when the Spanish Government, on March 7, demanded the recall of our Cuban Consul-General, halted during the two or three weeks before our declaration of war on April 20, and began on that very day a vigorous and prolonged recovery.

One of the reasons for the quick return of the markets to a normal status, when suspense was removed in 1898, lay in the fact that the country's financial and industrial position of the time was absolutely sound; our markets legitimately on the road to recovery, after a thorough after-panic readjustment; gold flowing into the country, and our people enormously enriched by a record-breaking wheat crop, just sold at prices fixed by the urgent needs of Europe. A little consideration will convince the attentive mind that every one of these favoring considerations of 1898 exists to-day, and with them others, even more important.

If war were unhappily to be declared, a large public war loan and an increase in the excise or income taxes would necessarily ensue, and probably a certain degree of precautionary restraint in our export of foodstuffs and war munitions. But with these results, the chapter of immediate financial consequences would apparently end. Our grain harvests would continue, as before, to act as a mainstay of profit and prosperity. Our export trade would be cut off from no foreign country from which it is not cut off already. The requirements of our own people, resulting from the country's prolonged retrenchment and accumulated wealth, would be the same as they are to-day.

London would scarcely find stronger ground for "unloading" its American securities than it has had ever since last summer. The flow of foreign capital to New York, for safe-keeping or otherwise, would have as much reason to continue as before. The movement of gold to New York from Europe has already risen to dimensions as large as might have been desired, if we had been making ready for war. The facilities of our new banking system are as yet so completely unemployed that the twelve Reserve Banks have only $11,000,000 notes outstanding, and hold as rediscounts only $35,000,000 bills, as against cash resources of $277,000,000, of which $241,000,000 is gold.

It is not easy to discover, in such a situation, material for acute discouragement and apprehension—even if Berlin should invite a necessary breach in our good relations. Yet it is also true that war, in whatever form, is the greatest of all human uncertainties, and that all these favoring considerations, as to the American position, would be strengthened and enhanced if peace were to be preserved, and with it the national honor and self-respect.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bianchi, M. G. D. The Kiss of Apollo. Duffield. $1.35 net.
Ferguson, W. B. M. A Man's Code. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Hergesheimer, J. Mountain Blood. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.
Hornblow, A. The Watch Dog. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Knibbs, H. H. Sundown Slim. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Le Sueux, W. At the Sign of the Sword. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
MacGill, P. The Rat Pit. Doran. $1.25 net.
Oppenheim, E. P. The Double Traitor. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Tompkins, J. W. Diantha. Century. $1.25 net.
Van Vorst, Marie. Mary Moreland. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Wales, H. The Brocklebank Riddle. Century. $1.30 net.
Wolfine. Anonymous. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Burghardt, W. E. The Negro. (Home University Library.) Holt. 50 cents net.
Byington, C. A Dictionary of the Choctaw Language. Edited by J. R. Swanton and H. S. Halbert. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Le Gallienne, R. Vanishing Roads. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Lucas, C. P. The British Empire: Six Lectures. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Maynadier, H. Made to Order: Short Stories from a College Course. New York: Lloyd Adams Noble. $1.25 net.
Critici, S. Croce's La Letteratura Della Nuova Italia. Vol. V. Bari: Gius, Laterza & Figli.
Robert's Rules of Order. Revised for Deliberative Assemblies. Scott, Foresman. $1 net.
Woodbine, G. E. Bracton De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ. (Yale Historical Publications.) New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $5 net.
Woodson, C. G. The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861. Putnam. $2 net.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

North, E. M. Early Methodist Philanthropy. Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Annual Statistical Report of the American Iron and Steel Institute for 1913. Bureau of Statistics: Amer. Iron and Steel Institute.
Aurner, C. R. History of Education in Iowa. Vols. I and II. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Bashore, H. B. Overcrowding and Defective Housing in the Rural Districts. First edition. John Wiley & Sons.
Briggs, J. E. History of Social Legislation in Iowa. Edited by B. F. Shambaugh. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Dealey, J. Q. Growth of American State Constitutions. Boston: Ginn. $1.40 net.
Gillin, J. L., and Others. Applied History. Edited by Benj. F. Shambaugh. Vol. II. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Gillin, J. L. History of Poor Relief Legislation in Iowa. Edited by B. F. Shambaugh. Iowa City: State Historical Society.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Clayton, P. The Aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.
Dodd, W. E. Expansion and Conflict. (Riverside History of the United States.) Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Edgeworth, E. The Human German. Dutton. $3 net.
Harris, F. England or Germany? New York: The Wilmarth Press. $1 net.
Jane, L. C. The Interpretation of History. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Johnson, A. Union and Democracy. (Riverside History of the United States.) Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Lucas, Sir Charles. Historical Geography of the British Dominions, Vol. IV. South Africa. Part II. History to the Union of South Africa. With maps. Oxford University Press.
Rivers, W. H. R. The History of Melanesian Society. Vols. I and II. Cambridge University Press. 36s. net.
Roy, B. K. Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry. Dodd, Mead.
Russell, L. America to Japan. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Sanday, W. The Meaning of the War for Germany and Great Britain. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Schaff, D. S. John Huss: His Life, Teachings and Death After Five Hundred Years. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Sprague, H. B. Lights and Shadows in Confederate Prisons. 1864-5. Putnam. $1 net.
Thorne, G. The Secret Service Submarine. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
Updyke, F. A. The Diplomacy of the War of 1812. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50 net.
White, J. W. A Textbook of the War for Americans. Phila.: Winston. $1 net.

POETRY.

Halliday, W. J. Pro Patria: A Book of Patriotic Verse. Dutton. $1 net.
Robbins, T. The Scales of Justice. L. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 50 cents.

SCIENCE.

Cromwell, A. D. Agriculture and Life. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Eberlein, H. D. Making Walls and Ceilings. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Inside the House of Good Taste. Edited by Wright, R. McBride, Nast. $1.50 net.
Job, H. K. The Propagation of Wild Birds. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Lewis, H. R. Poultry Keeping. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
More, L. T. The Limitations of Science. Holt. $1.50 net.
Muller, R. W. Loss of Hair. New York: William R. Jenkins Co. $1.50 net.
Thomas, Mrs. T. Our Mountain Garden. Dutton. $1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Conrad, C. C. The Technique of Continuous Action in Roman Comedy. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Pub. Co.
Gates, E. We Are Seven. The Arrow Pub. Co. 75 cents net.
Marsden, V. E. The King of the Jews. Funk & Wagnalls.

ART.

Aitken, J. R. The Christ of the Men of Art. Scribner.
Chubb, E. W. Sketches of Great Painters. Cincinnati, O.: Stewart & Kidd Co. $2 net.

JUVENILE.

Gates, J. S. The Land of Delight: Child Life on a Pony Farm. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bolenius, E. M. The Teaching of Oral English. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Dyer, F. B., and Brady, M. J. Primer. First Reader. Second Reader. (The Merrill Readers.) Charles E. Merrill Co.
Emerson, O. F. A Middle English Reader. New and revised edition. Macmillan. $2 net.
Genung, J. F., and Hanson, C. L. Outlines of Composition and Rhetoric. Boston: Ginn. $1 net.
Kemp, E. L. Methods for Elementary and Secondary Schools. Vol. XIII. Phila.: Lippincott.
Klapper, P. The Teaching of English. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Lewis, H. R. Productive Poultry Husbandry. Phila.: Lippincott. $2 net.
Lloyd, J. W. Productive Vegetable Growing. Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Quintero's Doña Clarines y Mañana De Sol. Edited by Morlev, S. G. Heath. 50 cents.
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